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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ANDALUCIA.

The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia. By the Hon. R. Dundas Murray. 2 vols. Bentley.

MR. MURRAY had traversed Spain before, spoke the language, and was every way quite prepared for a journey of observation. An educated gentleman, with the firmness and courage belonging to his class, the exercise of which is not uncalculated for in the country through which he rambled, he roamed over the interesting scenery of Andalusia, mixed with every class of its inhabitants, and has given us an excellent account of his travel. The earlier portion (say for a hundred pages) relates so much to beaten tracks, that we had begun to fear an enlargement of the Albemarle Street Mr. Murray's Guide-Book, which, by the by, could hardly need an addition; but as we got on, we found abundance of novelties, and described in an exceedingly attractive style and manner. Even the "Towns" furnished their quota, but as the "Wilds" are much less known to us, we shall chiefly attend to them in our review of the work. The Sierras are our favourite ground, and though historical retrospects and Moorish tales and legends often tempt us by the road, we must shut our eyes and ears, and plod along with the present.

The capabilities of Andalusia for immense improvement are pressed upon our notice in every quarter. Wine-growing, agriculture, mining, commerce, every branch of industry and enterprise, are neglected, and yet a world's wealth might be gathered from the field. But ancient populous places are almost like sepulchres; a huge system of smuggling supersedes legitimate trading, and engenders habits of restlessness and brigandage; the roads are mule-tracks; the ventas for the accommodation of passengers miserable; the routes often unsafe, not to say dangerous; and where there is more of aggregation and civilization, a proneness to indulge in the *far niente* luxury of idleness and the enjoyment of a pleasure-seeking life. There are fatigues and privations enough, but hard-working seems to be out of the question: the entire population are the creatures of circumstances, and with them, sufficient for the day is the poor fare, the dance or the revel, thereof.

Of Seville itself, we read:—

"Her hidalgos saunter through her grass grown streets, not with moody brows and disconsolate mien, but with an easy indifference to a prospect so familiar, and seem regardless of any other thought but the pleasure of the moment. Give them their paseo, cigar, and café, and their happiness is as complete as was that of their ancestors, who rolled through the city in gilded equipages, attended by trains of lackeys, and entertained each other in splendour and state. The same spirit is observable through all the other classes of society. Every one seems to regard business as a secondary matter in life, and vies with his neighbour in dedicating as little time to its call as he possibly can. The shopkeeper lounges about his shop for a few hours, and then hies him to the promenade or to the café to join a circle of loquacious friends. The artisan is a close imitator of his master, and may be seen strolling about with his companions at hours when labour in other countries is most industriously pursued. Thus the whole population of Seville appears always to be on the wing, and to be roving about in the enjoyment of an existence as careless as the butterfly's."

Again:—

"There is something pervading the scenery of this land, the effect of which it is difficult to describe, except by saying that it impresses one as no other

scenery does; a stern, and at the same time a melancholy grandeur, the latter quality predominating, even among the vast and fruitful plains you slowly traverse, and more especially when winding amid a wilderness of tenantless dehesas, or by the sides of lofty sierras. At these times there mingled with the impressions of awe and sublimity one felt none of those elevating thoughts inspired by the contemplation of nature on a vast scale; on the contrary, the effect was somewhat repelling, and resembled that produced by gazing upon a countenance where an expression of evil mingles with noble lineaments."

The horrible treatment of prisoners on both sides in the civil wars came under the cognizance of the author; one of the prisons which he visited is thus noticed:—

"I was far from expecting to see anything resembling regular uniform on the persons of the prisoners, but I confess I was unprepared for the rabble-like appearance they presented. Some were mere boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age, and appeared to have been supplied from that swarm of youthful beggary and crime that infests the streets of Spanish cities. These were confined in a cell apart from the others, and on my approach desisted from their squabbles to assume the mendicant's whine and solicit charity. The others had nothing either in their bearing or habiliments to denote the soldier. As I looked through the iron grating that served as door to the gallery in which they were secured, I saw what seemed a mob of peasantry of rather more savage aspect than usual."

"Few were without the Valencian manta, their cloak by day, and blanket by night; beneath which were visible tattered and mud-stained garments of every hue and shape peculiar to the northern provinces. The greater number sat on the floor, supporting themselves against the walls of the gallery; and in this attitude remained as immovably fixed as if chained to the spot. The most striking feature of the scene was the silence that reigned among the wretched throng. It rarely happens that the national vivacity is depressed, but here it was thoroughly quenched, and one and all seemed too dispirited to exchange words, or even to look at each other. Generally they sat as I have described, gazing moodily on the opposite wall, or reclining their heads on their knees, either asleep or feigning to be so. I had asked and obtained permission to enter this den, but my purpose changed during the few minutes that I made these observations. Through the gratings there poured forth from the interior an effluvia that resembled the breath of the pestilence, and of so sickening an effect, that with difficulty I retained my position for the short time that I overlooked the scene within. The impossibility of inhaling such a poisonous atmosphere without experiencing worse consequences was self-evident; and when I turned away from the spot, it was with pity for the wretched beings thus crowded together into a narrow compass, and too surely imbibing and communicating the seeds of disease and death. These anticipations were unhappily realised not long afterwards. A short time after their removal to Cadiz, typhus fever of a malignant kind broke out among the prisoners, and swept them off by scores. Their fate was no doubt connected with the loathsome state of the prisons into which they were thrust at the end of each journey, but it was not a little accelerated by sheer starvation. The only allowance for food supplied by the authorities was a halfpenny per diem to each prisoner, out of which he had to sustain existence in the best way he could. Generally speaking, he purchased with one farthing a crust of bread, and

with the other a salad; and unless he succeeded in begging or stealing an addition, this was all the fare upon which he supported the fatigue of a long march. From these causes it happened that few survived their journey to Cadiz, for those who did not sink by the way were so exhausted and feeble, that on the fever breaking out, they were cut off after a few days' illness."

"The inhuman treatment of prisoners was a feature common to the contending parties in the civil war, and it would even seem as if, on certain occasions, they vied with each other in inflicting cruelties on all who fell into their hands."

There is an interesting account of a visit to the birth-place of the Pinzons, descendants still remaining of the comrade of the immortal Columbus, and also the convent and port from which he departed on his glorious voyage; but, in order to exemplify the volumes as we have proposed, we must turn to more modern and miscellaneous topics, such as *Customs, Anecdotes, and Sketches*.

In a village near Aracena,—

"When a young man wished to profess himself the suitor of some fair maiden, he proceeds to her residence, bearing in his hand the long staff used by the mountaineers, called *cachiporra*, or shortly, *porra*, and announces his presence by a loud knock at the door. At the same time, the staff is placed by the side of it, and he retires a short distance, previously exclaiming, '*Porra dentro o porra fuera?*' (*porra within or porra without?*) Should the maiden be disposed to favour his suit, she approaches and removes the staff in-doors; but if adverse, it is whirled to the other side of the street: whereupon the lover understands his fate, and wends his way back, rejected and disconsolate."

"As a proof of the untravelled state of these mountain paths, I may mention that, from daybreak of the preceding day till the present hour, during which time we accomplished fifty miles of our journey, we had encountered no one on the way; neither had we, except in the villages we traversed, espied a human figure. Some idea, therefore, may be formed of the eagerness with which my guide flung himself upon his new associates, and of the unbroken flow of his powers of speech; which, to compare small things with great, resembled the rush of a torrent that, having been pent up by some powerful impediment, suddenly found egress for its accumulated waters. The first inquiries of the trio were respecting their places of birth. My guide was from Zalamea, and his acquaintances from a village in the neighbourhood; this was enough to open their hearts, and cause them to regard each other as brother serranos. 'Paysano,' said the eldest of the pair, quite delighted with meeting a countryman, '*sientese usted aqui*,' at the same time spreading a manta on the ground and inviting him to a share thereof. The young one, again, was not a whit less friendly, though in a different style. He communicated several particulars respecting his past life, and ended with the subject of his future prospects, a question that at the moment deeply engaged his thoughts."

"For myself, the principal source of the amusement I derived was from the queries put to me regarding *Inglaterra*: these were generally of such a nature as to betray a woful degree of ignorance on the part of the speakers. Geographical knowledge, I need not say, is at the lowest ebb here, and hence I was frequently called upon to rectify the most ludicrous blunders. More than once it was manifest that my questioner was puzzled to tell whether London was in England or England in London; and, in truth, the words are often used synonymously. On

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one occasion a priest, who had been in Gibraltar, and seen there a regiment of Highlanders in the 'garb of old Gaul,' volunteered the information that the 'regiment in petticoats' was invested with this feminine attire as a punishment for having misbehaved on the field of battle!

"It is by no means unusual to find throughout Spain families whose ancestors have been natives of Great Britain or Ireland. The latter isle can, however, boast not only of having transplanted more of her children to the soil of Spain than either of the sister kingdoms have done, but of having acquired by the deeds of her off-shoots a degree of renown to which the others cannot aspire. She has been to Spain, what Scotland before the Union was to the Low Countries and Germany—a source of military talent, which, despairing of distinction at home, had to seek its field of fame among the distractions of foreign countries. In that career it is not surprising that the sons of Ireland should have prospered: in a land where there is courage, though rather of a passive than active kind, their impetuous energy and daring could not fail to cut a path to honours; and hence the rise of such men as Sarsfield, the O'Donnells, Flinter, and others of lesser note."

Threading the streets of Cordova, we are told:—

"Very narrow is this street," said my loquacious attendant, stopping short in one through which we were passing, and touching with his hands the walls on either side of him; 'very narrow, but the calle Besa Mozas is worse than this!'

"Besa Mozas!" I repeated; 'that is a very strange name for a street. How did it originate?'

"Why, the street is so very, very narrow, that two people cannot pass without jostling each other, even if they turn sideways; and therefore it may happen, if you meet a señorita, that—Here he paused, and the rest of his information was conveyed by a pantomime descriptive of a figure with its back to the wall, but inclining the head forwards and imprinting a salute upon an imaginary pair of lips."

Of the works of art here, we read:—

"To return to the Cordovese picture-dealers, whom no protestations would convince that I never had the remotest intention of purchasing their wares,—so much more difficult is it to get rid of a reputation than to acquire it. One day I received a pressing invitation from an inhabitant to view a picture in his possession of no ordinary merit. As the message ran—I might or might not purchase it, but at all events the favour of my company to behold this *chef-d'œuvre* was particularly requested. I went, and was admitted by an elderly female—as it subsequently appeared, the sister of the proprietor; and of whom, *en passant*, I may remark, that her hair was worn, as is invariably the custom of Spanish elderly ladies, without any attempt to conceal the snow with which the winter of life besprinkles it. The painting was, to my surprise, something above the common run. It was, if I mistake not, the production of Antonio Castillo, and represented a monk bending in prayer over a corpse that lay at his feet: the subject was solemn and saddening, and lost none of its gloomy effect from being clothed in the sombre colouring of that master. To judge, however, from the price affixed by the possessor, its worth was extravagantly over-rated; and this error, which arose from ignorance more than from any other cause, is one that has now become very prevalent in Spain in regard to the value of paintings. Whatever might have been the fact in former times, when valuable works of art were, from the ignorance of the owners, obtained at sums far below their real worth, it is not so now; on the contrary, the tendency is to run into the opposite extreme, and, with equal want of knowledge, to demand for third and fourth-rate productions such prices as show that the possessor, in framing an estimate of their merits, has consulted his imagination more than any other standard. My curiosity satisfied, I departed. I had, however, proceeded only a few paces from the door, when I heard myself called back by the peculiar 'thick,' with which Spanish lips are familiar: turning round, I beheld the old lady of the house beckoning

to me with an air of much mystery. With some surprise, I approached, and followed her into a small apartment, the door of which, after having looked about the 'patio' lest any one might be within ear-shot, she cautiously closed. In silent wonder I had accompanied her into the room, but when she closed and bolted the door, as if under great apprehensions for her own safety, I prepared myself to hear some dreadful secret.

"Senor," she whispered, 'will you do me a favour?'

"Had the speaker been young and fair, I should doubtless have given utterance to some rash vow, and promised compliance with her unknown behests; but wrinkles and grizzled locks are antidotes to sentiment, so, with the caution of my countrymen, I answered her question by putting another, and requested to know what the favour was.

"I am told that in England you have a liquid for dyeing the hair black: could you procure me some?'

"It was too bad to be wound up to the highest pitch of suspense for so absurd a *dénouement* as this, and at first I could not help feeling rather angry at the old lady. However, I informed her that there were such things in England, but at the same time assured her that they were of a highly deleterious nature; that if unskillfully applied, they had the effect of colouring the hair sometimes purple or green; and, in short, painted their dangers in such a style, that she crossed herself as she reflected on her rash wish to use them; and at our parting, which was as cautiously conducted as that of a couple of conspirators, I left her effectually cured of her desire to be juvenile."

We must leave the sequel till next week.

NEW NOVELS.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. Written by herself. 3 vols. Colburn.

THIS work presents features of various kinds, praiseworthy, neutral, and indifferent; and, critically viewed, changing their character, if considered as belonging to what is called *Novel*. And there is one predominating quality, which may by some be deemed a merit, and by others a blemish: we allude to the Scottish dialect in which it is written, and which if it seem a Doric charm to those who understand it, must be a drawback to the reader who may gather the sense of the author without being able to comprehend the distinct meaning of her words. No doubt we have very popular publications in this style; and Galt appears to have been the model for 'Miss Maitland's' style and manner. But her defect lies in the diffusion of Galt. That which in him was terse and concentrated, the quaint phrase and pithy apothegm, are here spread out and repeated till they lose much of their effect, and become prosy and tiresome. And this is felt the more on account of their being generally of a moral and religious nature—not suited to the *Novel* genius—as a principal ingredient, but to be sparingly introduced in productions of that kind, to point the instructive lesson, and not to occupy and be the staple of the tale. The picture of exemplary devotional life and piety among a middle-class in Scotland is the writer's main object; and the happiness resulting from integrity and virtue is set forth in colours soberly glowing. It is only the iteration of the sentiments that impairs their force.

In other respects the story is naturally and well told, though the plot, if plot it can be called, is feeble, and easily seen through from the beginning. The heroine, a child-heiress, who is kept in ignorance of her possessions by a worthless father and imperious fashionable aunt, is of much precocious intelligence, and somewhat extraordinary expression of countenance. She is educated for some years in the midst of a clerical and pious family in a retired part of the country, where she imbibes, or rather confirms, the purest and most determined resolve to do good and eschew evil. Recalled as a young woman to the busy world, she exercises these faculties and dispositions, amid trials of no great severity, of which

she gives accounts in her letters, and which accounts are commented upon as we have related. Notwithstanding these, there is an unconnected Episode in the second volume, to fill out; and thereabouts we have the following critique upon contemporary novelists. Grace, the heroine aforesaid, confesses that she reads such performances, and goes on to say—

"Furthermore, that the novels are sad rubbish, many of them, fashionable, flippant, insipid, chronicles often of some circle of great people, whose country seats lie near each other; who duly go to town for the season, and duly return when the season is over; intersperse which with one or two fallings in love, one or two disappointments, gossiping and scandal without measure, and a few moral essays broken into bits, and scattered here and there through the three volumes, and you have them in their full proportions before you."

"Moreover, many of these books are written by women, yet are they often perfectly unwomanly—especially when they become what Claud would call subjective, and profess to reveal the inmost hearts of these sorely tried love-sick heroines of theirs. I can imagine how you would in your own words 'think shame' to speak to me, as the young ladies in these books speak to their friends. I will tell you one story of this vehement kind."

"There are two young ladies—a model girl, one—the other a high-spirited, beautiful, uncontrollable person of the Die Vernon class; they are friends, but, unawares, both devoted to the same fortunate gentleman. After various adventures on both sides, the climax comes by which they discover their rivalry, and thereupon follows a fight. The model girl, whose attachment is returned, is content to give him up and be broken-hearted, the vehement girl, whose attachment is not returned, holds by him fast, and the unhappy lover, engaged to both, vibrates painfully between the two; the *dénouement*, however, is accomplished by a device not of the newest. The model girl saves her rival's life, the heart of the beautiful uncontrollable melts, and the curtain falls on her vehement dancing at the wedding-ball."

"What think you of it? Yet that is one of the best of all; and there are floods of smaller romances who tell the same story not so well. And these trials they call the discipline—the battle of life."

"Do you think very embroidery would be greatly more profitable than this unhealthy occupation?"

As we are not going to break in upon the narrative, we shall only add a brief specimen of the Scotch in which it is written, and which has nothing to do with the leading string of circumstances.

"It was (the whole is written in the character of an oldish maid, of homely manners and unswerving kindness, but, at the same time, of sound observation and the best principles) a fine night, and Mary, my sister, and me, took a walk in the gloaming, the Minister being busy with his sermon, as it was drawing to the end of the week. Bell, whom I have before mentioned, as having been once a servant at the Manse, the auntie of the boy Robbie, had been married upon a crooked body, who was a shoemaker, a year or two before that, when they were both of discreet years. And as it so happened, that we were passing near her door, we heard a sound as of rejoicing, and Mary bade me draw near, that she might ask for Bell, seeing there was no saying what might have happened. The door was not quite closed, and from within there came a noise of laughing, and of various voices; so Mary tiptoed lightly with her finger."

"Come in, whatever ye be," cried out John Whang, opening the door himself and pushing his coal off his blackened brow, (for the body was a swartly body by nature, as well as being a shoemaker by trade,) there shall nae mortal pass your door without hearing the sough of our rejoicing; the blessing of God has come to the house this day!"

"I am glad to hear you say so, John," said my sister Mary. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Preserve us! it's you, Mrs. Maitland," said the body, in an abashed way. "You'll excuse me, seeing



I am so blythe about Bell. It's a lassie, mem, the bonniest, genty, bit thing! But you'll no pass without coming in to see the wean, and Bell, poor woman!"

"So we did go in, and who should be in the kitchen, but the Dominie, Reuben Reid, and two or three young lads, that the body, in the fulness of his heart, had wiled in to rejoice with him, and I saw plain enough that Mysie Telfer, the boy Robbie's sister, who was staying with her auntie for the occasion, had lifted the bottle off the table, when she saw who it was that had come in, but every one there had his tumbler before him, the which was but an unwise way of making merry on the coming of a new bairn into the world.

"The room within, where Bell was lying, with the bit helpless thing beside her, was full of women-folk, and of necessity, Mary and me had to taste the blythement, and put the glass of wine to our lips, (for the body, John Whang, was a man of substance in his way, and grudged no outlay for the occasion,) for fear we should spoil the bairn's beauty. After I had spoken to Bell, and looked at the baby, it chanced that I sat down upon a seat, close to the door, seeing I had in a manner worn out of acquaintance with the folk belonging to the parish, who were in the room; at least, I did not know them so well as Mary, my sister, who was dwelling amongst them, and she had divers things to say to them all, asking about their bairns, and such like.

"The door of the room was a little open, and I could not but smile within myself at the blythement that was upon the face of the body, John Whang, who was just uplifted beyond measure. So the maister and him, I could hear, were in an argument.

"I use uphaid it, Dominie, in the face o' half a hunder sessions. What! wad ye hae me to tak' it in as quiet a way as if the bit living cratur was ane o' the bestial, and no a genty human bairn, and my ain? It's because ye're a prim auld bachelor body yoursel, and kenna what it is. But I'll gie ye Scripture for't, man, chapter and verse. Mysie, gie me down the Book."

"At no hand, Mysie," said the Dominie, shaking his head in a solemn manner, at which I wondered, only I saw that evil thing, the toddy, was working upon Reuben also—we are weak folk! "At no hand, Mysie. Would you take the Book, John Whang, in an irreverent way—and you in no manner as you should be? I am surprised that you should not be more careful, and me a licentiate of the Kirk!"

"It mak's nae, man!" cried out John Whang, "you can look at the bit yoursel. Is't no a wish in Jeremiah, that the man should be hangit, or some sic evil thing, that took the word to his father, as Mysie brocht it to me, (ye shall hae a new gown, lassie,) that a bairn was born making his heart glad. What say ye to that, Dominie? and the prophet, if aue nicht say sic a thing, was but a whinging carle himself, and had neither wife nor wean. A wee different frae my case, that am blessed wi' baith."

"Hand your profane tongue, John Whang!" said the Dominie. "It fits na the like of you to be animadverting upon the character of a worth, like the prophet Jeremiah."

We do not know if, in the range of society above this in Scotland,—we mean such as the clergyman and his connexions,—there is the extent of apostolic innocency and religious observance which is here depicted: if general, it must bless the land. With regard to the Free Church division, we have nothing to observe: we have merely described the work as it is, and leave it to the taste of the public, as a fiction intended to illustrate even the worldly advantages of firmness of principle and purity of life.

Hands not Hearts. A Novel. By Janet W. Wilkinson. 3 vols. Bentley.

WITHOUT knowing who Mrs. or Miss Wilkinson may be, we recognise both intelligence and goodness in this novel. All the sentiments and opinions seem to proceed from a sound understanding and a sensible

heart. There is strength in the drawing of the principal characters, the incidents are natural, and the results just. The two most prominent parts, Ada Compton and Edward Eskdale, display the writer's greatest powers; but there is no failure in Sir Thomas Eskdale, his sister, the scoundrel Mallington, Mrs. Eskdale, Mr. Farquahar, a Scottish merchant, the artist Charlton, his wife, Mr. Chaser, a trifler, Mr. Foster, a model divine, his sister Maude, Mr. Standish, and others, who figure in the early business of the story. Their successors, for the *dénouement* comes to a second generation, which is a defect as far as concentrated interest is concerned, are also well painted, but we do not feel that we can like to have the game of life played out by the youngsters, while those for whom our curiosity and sympathy were awakened in the first instance, are disposed of in the grave or laid on the shelf of Age, to await that earthly finality. This is, we think, an error in construction, though the fair author manages it well, and connects the catastrophe impressively with the fates of the junior branches. There is a due mixture of the virtuous and villainous, of the prosperous and unfortunate, of the right and the wrong-doing, and of the happy and tragical. From this description it may be gathered that our quotations must be limited, for we never will spoil a tale, and without going at length into the narrative we can afford no competent idea of the writer's varied scenes and capacity for making them effective.

Ada Compton is a youthful female of extraordinary beauty, a genius and an author, who (from early circumstances) looks upon life despitely. She is prettily contrasted with the sweetly simple Mrs. Charlton, and the truly amiable Mrs. Eskdale. Ada resides with the Charltons, and the lady having shown a slight symptom of jealousy, the following occurs:—

"Listen, Fan," he continued, "whilst I tell you a story; but you look tired, perhaps you would rather go."

"Oh! no, I'm not tired, I like to hear your stories; go on, please," and she nestled back into her former place.

"Once upon a time—"

"There lived a king and a queen," interposed Mrs. Charlton.

"Very well, love, continue."

"Oh! go on, please, I won't interrupt you again."

"Once upon a time, when I was a young man—"

"Why you are young now, Hugh!"

"Peace, you Echo," cried Mr. Charlton, laughing, "I said when I was young—surely I know best—were you at my christening? If not, what do you know about it? When I was a young man I went out sketching; coming back at sunset through a thick wood,—a real wood, such as the children might have perished in,—full of giant trees, spreading their arms wide to heaven, nodding their tall heads, and whispering and rustling their thick leaves as if they were saying their vespers, and were growing tolerably drowsy over them to boot. The brushwood, the long tangled grass, and the young saplings springing up to push the old ones out of the road, made it difficult to force my way along, especially as I had lost the path. All at once I came upon an empty space, where a lot of gipsies were boiling their kettles!"

"Dark people with long elf-locks," burst in Mrs. Charlton, "and they robbed you, and threatened to murder you, and made you take an oath!"

"No such thing, on the contrary I sketched their figures not their faces, (no doubt they thought it better they should not be faithfully recorded,) and one old woman told me my fortune—ah! you are interested now. "Before long," she said, "you will meet a young lady with whom you will fall in love—you will marry her." "Mother," quoth I, "how shall I know which lady you mean, for there are many pretty people, and I am in love regularly six times a year?"

"Oh! Hugh! but what did the gipsy say?"

"Extending her shrivelled forefinger she uttered these solemn words in a hoarse murmur, "When you meet the silliest, little blue-eyed woman in the world,

behold your wife!" "But, good madam, how am I to know she is the silliest woman in the world?" "When you see her jealous of her own bosom friend?"

"Ah! what nonsense, Hugh!" cried Mrs. Charlton, impatiently, "there's not a word of truth in the whole thing, you invented it all, and I am not the silliest woman in the world, nor am I jealous of Ada, not a whit,—she is a great deal too clever for you."

"I believe you are right there," returned the artist, mysteriously, "she is too clever for you too, Fan."

"I hope you are not speaking of me, Mr. Charlton," observed Ada, advancing from the recess, just in time to hear the last sentence.

"Well done, Ada, so you imagine that any one too clever must mean yourself," said Mr. Charlton, recovering himself quickly from a little confusion.

"It may seem a conceited speech," answered Ada calmly; "but I am rather above the mock humility of appearing to think myself what I am not, in spite of all I have had told me for years, in spite also of my own conscience."

"You will say you are handsome next," cried Mrs. Charlton, with her childish, mocking laugh.

"You would not have me call myself plain, would you? with that before me," and she pointed towards a long mirror which reflected back to her the full beauty of her form and face. "Have I eyes to appreciate the grandeur of nature, the perfection of art, the charms or the defects of my fellow-creatures, and are they blind in one instance only? Can I not see myself in that polished surface, or in Mr. Charlton's picture, and judge myself as I would any other passing show? Do I not know that before long both will tell a different tale of old age and decay? Small happiness have either beauty or talent given to me, and so I prize them as little as I do this withered flower, plucking one from a vase beside her; but I know that I possess them nevertheless!"

"Mr. Charlton was leaning against his easel and watching her with a painter's eye, but his arm was thrown round his wife, and there was a little incredulity in his manner as he replied, "Were it possible to barter these gifts, as our fairy tales used to fable, would you, as you prize them so little, be content to give beauty for ugliness and wealth, or your talent for stupidity and contentment?"

"A bright smile for an instant lighted up her face, but was chased as suddenly by a deeper gloom. "Beauty! beauty has brought me only sorrow, but talent, oh! no, I do not think I could bear to relinquish that,—in that lies my power, in that is my hope of—"

"Of what?"

"Of what you will, revenge, if you-like it, but 'tis a bloodthirsty word."

"Revenge on whom?"

"On my fate, of course, but what heroics we are in to-day!"

"Mr. Charlton shook his head. "My wife might have answered as shrewdly as you did just now, but no woman was ever coherent for any length of time, so I forgive you."

We consider this to be a pleasant style of writing; and the close of the dialogue is worthy of it:—

"I answer your question by another one, most lovely reasoner," interposed Mr. Charlton. "Is it or is it not necessary to eat that we may live? and on what do geniuses such as you and I depend for bread, but on fame, and what is fame but one loud spontaneous blast from a thousand penny trumpets? Long may you grow under the infliction of being lionized, long may I have a multitude of snub noses to make Grecian, and no-meaning eyes to vivify with expression, as I have been doing this day and every day lately!"

"It is that which galls me," exclaimed Ada impatiently; "the necessity for this slavery, this hankering after pounds, shillings, and pence, this selling our birthright for a mess of pottage!"

"Probably the necessity is of our own creation, Ada, after all. You have yourself, for instance, enough to exist upon barely, if you will be content with a cottager's fare, and a cottager's lot. But you

must have certain luxuries of dress, certain books, and appliances perfectly irrelevant to mere existence, therefore you toil, therefore you make your genius your draught horse, and plough the heavy soil of care unceasingly. Could you be content with poverty—

"'Poverty,' she interrupted him eagerly, 'poverty, squalid term,—no, no, I cannot be content with misery, I feel I was not born to be poor.' And she drew herself up proudly.

"'Neither was I, if the wish could be father to the thought,' observed the artist smiling. 'This sort of presentiment, by the way, is worth examining. I hope ours may not prove like that of an old woman, of whom I have heard, who throughout a life of great poverty, always averred she would ride in her own carriage before she died. Oddly enough her husband most unexpectedly inherited a fortune, the old woman ordered her carriage instantly, drove out in it once, caught cold and died. If your fancy and mine meet with no more fortunate fruition, they will be worth very little.'

"'Good people,' said Mrs. Charlton, 'I shall bring my night-cap in my pocket next time I come here, if I hear nothing but such preaching as this; why, this is worse than the gipsy story!'

"'Hence away, then, you pertinacious Queen Mab, why must you haunt my studio, and perplex my labours?' he waved his hand with mock majesty, and Ada instantly throwing aside her graver mood, laughed gaily as she left the room. Mrs. Charlton, however, lingered by his side.

"'Fan,' whispered he, 'there goes a rare harvest of talent choked by ambition and misanthropy. There is a fine sprinkling of vanity too, but she is a magnificent woman, even in her foibles. Nevertheless, Fan, I am glad the gipsy assigned me the silly little woman, with all her folly.'

We now copy an example of the truthful observations scattered over the work:—

"'Few things are more strange,' remarked Mr. Foster after a pause, 'than the links, often invisible, by which we are all united. How constantly we find, on meeting with people we never saw, never heard of before, that at some period or other they have acted upon our fates indirectly, or at least have been closely associated with those who have. We rarely find a person who does not know some one with whom we are acquainted; and often, as in this instance, the coincidences are more striking still.'

The lapse of twenty years leads us into vol. 2, and the rising race to whom we have alluded, and whose doings and whereabouts we cannot say that we find so forcible as the earlier portion. In the end there is a revival of the first impressions; but we will tell no more, because the finale must not be broken in upon. Novel readers will, we fancy, relish the author from beginning to end.

SCIENCE OF NATURE.

Panthea; or, the Spirit of Nature. By Robert Hunt. 8vo. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

THE author combines a highly poetical imagination with a devoted aptitude for the practical pursuits of science. We have seldom seen these qualities in an individual more thoroughly united, and more strongly developed. His work, entitled *The Poetry of Science*, displayed this character, and *Panthea* has advanced and expanded it. It is a brave effort to range from the elemental to the universal, and from the known to the unknown. Thus, whilst there is much of the useful stated, there is a great deal of the possible inferred. And who would quarrel with wild dreams and limitless aspirations on such a theme? Not we. As the Duke liked to cope with Jacques on such occasions, so do we like to cope with writings like this by Mr. Hunt, and find them "full of matter."

The framework of the piece is simple enough. Lord Altamont, the son of an illustrious house, wavers between Christianity and Deism in religion, and exact science and visionary theory in philosophy. He is lost in doubts, and enthusiastically longing for the acquisition of knowledge to satisfy his mind. His

noble father, and mother, and orthodox tutor, on the one hand, would confine him within the bounds of the real, the ascertainable, and the credible; and, on the other, there is an eccentric being, Laon, and his daughter Æltgiva, wrapt up in the mysteries of speculation, who lead him, through mesmeric means, to a perception of the inmost "spirit of nature," unrevealed to mortal powers of inquiry.

To trace the progress of this trial and comparison through all their phases, would be to reprint Mr. Hunt's volume; of which, indeed, it is out of our power (otherwise) to convey more than a fragmentary idea. We can only select a few brief examples of salient points. When first seriously to contemplate the doctrines of Laon and Æltgiva, we read:—

"Æltgiva was suddenly silent. She clasped her hands upon her bosom, still pressing the water-lily. She bowed herself reverentially, and sunk one knee slowly to the ground. 'Kneel, Julian,' she continued, 'kneel; the revelation of those heaven-illumined eyes, dimming the moon with their lustre, is to be received with humility, and met with human adoration. Mighty spirit, kindly looking from thy throne of waters, permit me to hope that, by this manifestation of thine eternal presence to the earth-born, thou art pleased to receive the votary we bring thee.'

"Julian kneeled not. He stood a picture of irresolution, still gazing fixedly on the cataract; but evidently without seeing the vision which now appeared to absorb the mind of Æltgiva. 'Julian,' at length she said, 'Panthea speaks through me, and bids me say,—'To know nature thou must be true to nature. To be true to nature thou must live looking for ever with purest love unto the mighty spirit who presides. The love of the sensual must rise into the love of the spiritual. On the earth thou must cease to be of the earth. In the body the purified soul must become bodiless; and then the rapture of that holy life which is light shall be given thee, and mounting the ear of mind thou shalt see and know the Mystery.'

"The rocks on either side of the valley seemed to shout back 'The Mystery!' Every tree appeared to Julian to ring with 'The Mystery!' And from the rush of the cataract to the gurgling of the flowing river every sound shaped itself to Julian's ear, into a voice exclaiming 'The Mystery!'

He is thrown into a trance, and is shown the creation of the universe:—

"'The creation of the Earth,' said Panthea, 'or the creation of a molecule of dust, requires the same exertion of omnipotent power. That which was, is; the past is ever as the present;—the beginning and the end are the same with the eternals. But, mortal, now survey the progress of creative power in your distant planet!'

"A globe of matter rolled on the thin air. It was dark, and covered with heavy masses of vapour which tossed in pitiful waves around it. What may have been the form of the nucleus Julian could not discover. Slowly the disturbed ocean settled into comparative tranquillity; and becoming, by the condensation of its grosser particles, more transparent, a mass of crystalline matter was seen revolving beneath a sphere of water. Mighty forces were there in full activity; but by one power the position of the globe in space was determined, and securely chained within fixed limits. Gravitation was exerting its control.

"As a stream flowing along ten thousand lines, all passing through a certain point, Julian saw the power of Magnetism at its task; and running across those streams, he beheld others no less energetically compelling matter to conform to their laws. By the combined impulses of these forces every atom was seen to assume a determinate position. These streams of power, passing at right angles to each other through a fixed point, which varied for every condition of matter, but was the same for similar conditions, produced the utmost symmetry; and under their influences crystalline masses of exceeding beauty were developed from the fluid solution.

"'Your magnetism,' said Panthea, 'not merely keeps the earth's axis bound within certain limits of

variation, but its influence settles the place and position of every atom of your world.'

"Other attractive forces were seen drawing particle to particle; and all were opposed by the potent agency of Heat which power prevented them from approaching beyond certain limits, which were determined by properties not even then clearly discovered by Julian. These he saw formed essential elements in every state of matter."

The work of creation proceeds, and light brings forth animal existence:—

"On every spot spontaneous movement now appeared; the waters were stirred by a new power, and the surface of the world was agitated by impulses of a different character from those which Julian had hitherto seen. Strange creatures swam in the waters; curious forms crawled over the dry land, and the air was full of winged life; yet Julian saw that, with all this fulness, there existed but a few pairs of each species.

"The sun set, and night was upon the planet. Its ruling orb rose again, and more complex developments appeared; thus day succeeding day was presented in the vision, and every morning broke upon the mystery of advancing existence; all creatures multiplied among themselves, and new forms of life sprang up amid the mass. Thus from the waters, boiling with microscopic life, Julian watched the progress of animal existence, until the lion's roar, in the pride of his strength, sounded fearfully through the thick forests, and the gigantic elephant crushed the soil of the luxuriant jungle with the weight of his head.

"'The days you have seen,' said Panthea, 'are ages which man cannot count. We know not time—time is the division of a period. To the Infinite there are no periods; past and present are lost in eternity.' Man finds a bone embedded in a rock—he learns at length that the world on which he lives is older than his creation, and he strives to reckon the centuries during which the mystery of life may have moved upon the earth, but his arithmetic is at fault; the mind of man cannot reckon the ages which passed before man was. The God of the earth was before the earth. The Creator of man, in pursuing his grand design of framing a creature which should be trusted with a soul, so tried and tempered matter in every form of existence, that the thing which was lives in that which is, and that which exists is that which has existed. The earth was weighed at its creation, and carefully balanced against all other worlds; no grain of dust has been added to it—no atom of matter has been removed from it; but new forms of life have continually sprung up amid the mass. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. It appeared to Julian that the first created beings of a new race were pregnant with that fulness of life which was to pass through the entire family unto the last one who perished from the exhaustion of the vital principle. The form of life was then changed, and another round of existence was run. The conditions of the earth determined the characteristics of its inhabitants, and every distinct creation was peculiarly adapted, by its arrangements in strict obedience to the laws of physical force, for its position in the scale of being."

The ever-occurring enigma rises out of this as out of every history of the creation. If such were the condition of the Earth before Man became its inhabitant, and there was no Death till his fall, upon what did all these creatures live? Did they not devour each other from the highest to the lowest in the scale? Were there no poisonous plants and venomous reptiles till the expulsion from Eden? Geology should endeavour to explain these perplexing questions, but geology has been silent. And so we are satisfied to have series after series of monstrous animals occupying the globe and disappearing, to the period it is fittest to become the abode of human beings, and then we arrive at a climax of contradiction which no science can render intelligible. Julian could not be more puzzled than we are; but we will seek refuge in Mr. Hunt's creation of woman, and

with that conclude our very imperfect sketch of his remarkable performance. But first, a little by way of preface, of the first man:—

"Julian surveyed the splendid form of the first man with admiration. The perfection of every native grace was developed in him. Strength and lightness appeared united in his muscular frame; but with all his external symmetry, he moved as a mere animal; and, with his eyes upon the ground, he passed onward amid the thousand beauties of his birth-place without a single expression of feeling. The birds sang above his head in a chorus full of love and native melody—he heard no music. The flowers poured forth their odours—the incense of pure life offered from earth to heaven—they charmed no sense in him. The hues of the vegetable world, beautiful in unclouded light, and brightened by the spiritual ministry, attracted him not. The earth might have been a blank space for him. Adam saw but with his sensual eyes—he heard but with his mechanical ears. Without a thought—knowing not his origin—discovering no difference between himself and the animals around him—the parent of the human race passed before the eyes of Julian as a melancholy example of a soulless man.

"The supreme delights of even the celestial hierarchy must be shared to be enjoyed," said Panthea. "Solitude would debase an angelic spirit to an insensate mass. Adam feels a want; but he knows not what he requires. A morrow of increased bliss is soon to dawn upon him."

"Darkness again surrounded Julian; but soon, with a burst of the divinest harmony, a full flood of light proclaimed the birth of a new day.

"Adam slept; and at his side a figure similar to his own reposed, veiled by an effulgence of the Divine presence. The brightness diffused itself! the pair awoke! and man in his strength, and woman in her beauty, stood revealed.

"The sacredness of companionship is united to the blessedness of spiritual life. The animal creation is brought to its highest state. The perfection of the earthly is blended with the dawning light of the heavenly, which will eventually blaze in meridian splendour, and resolve, by the force of its radiant powers, the whole creation into a uniform system of brightness and truth.

"Beautiful forms crowded forth from the leaves and flowers, and gazed with wonder and delight on the sublime creation. Man—but half a spirit, seeing not the spiritual throng around him—moved among them surveying his kingdom with the native dignity of conscious power. Woman—more spiritual than man—conscious of some unseen divinities, clung to the arm of her mate; and, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, appeared to seek, in the transparent air, for those higher intelligences of which she enjoyed a dim consciousness.

"Adam looked around on the earth, and saw, in its fruits and flowers, and in its moving life, a glorious dominion, which he felt was to be ruled by the master-passion of love. Eve saw in Adam the united beauty of all that is earthly; but the brightness and tenacity of the firmament was to her more charming than the forms of the surface upon which she moved.

"Man," said Panthea, "in his strength will rule all things upon the earth, and by his knowledge subdue even the elements to his purposes. Alone—he would become a demon power in human form. Growing in strength, and increasing in pride, he would at last—another Lucifer—defy his God. But woman, in her earthly weakness, is spiritually potent; and her destiny is to control, by the bonds of affection, the rude passions of man; and, following him through every phase of being, to maintain the ascendancy of that virtue which is of heaven, over the vice which is of the earth, until the final triumph of goodness shall be visible in the radiance of the all-involving Paraclete."

"Strangely to Julian did the homage of all created things to the parents of mankind appear.

"Every leaf and flower felt the power of their holy presence, and tremblingly bowed as they passed

them by. The loftiest trees bent their heads in reverence; and the most ancient lords of the forest shook throughout their knotted trunks in the apparent consciousness that they grew in the presence of a new power.

"There was a roar in the forest. A lion and a lioness, eager for prey, rushed from its shades, in all the nobility of their savage strength; but at the sight of the new creation they became powerless, and creeping timidly forward crouched, with an imploring look, in the path of Adam and Eve. The woman smoothed the mane of the lion, while the man admiringly patted the forehead of the lioness. The noble animals forgot their hunger, and, rising from the ground, followed their rulers, expressing by their gambols their intense delight. Fierce tigers came from the thick woods, and gigantic elephants from the wide savannahs. From the mountains flocks of wolves poured down; and from their caverns and abysses the lowering hyenas came forth; and all, subdued by the power of the undisguised beauty of the human form, crowded around the first pair, and acknowledged their supremacy amid created things by a thousand expressive actions.

"The war of races—that law of animal existence which makes the life of one dependent upon the death of another—was suspended upon the earth. The weak and the strong mingled together; and the common prey of the predatory tribes walked fearlessly by the side of their ravening enemies. The Lion and the Lamb gambled together; and the Tiger and the Fawn sported at the feet of Eve.

"The birds of the air crowded to the court of man. The Eagle and the Dove flew on together in harmony; and the Hawk glided amid flocks of rejoicing songsters, making playful whirls and sportive stoops in peace amid his common prey.

"Every creation became conscious that the advent of mind was on the Earth; and under the mysterious influence of the eternal soul, beaming from the eyes of humanity, the ordinary conditions of existence were restrained; and Man and Woman gazed on a world of ineffable beauty in the repose of perfect peace."

In the arguments of Laon there is a deep tinge of Deism, or rather of Pantheism, which is likely to bring down some of the religious reviews on the head of the author; and they will not be mitigated by the occasional attempts to account for miracles (such as that of the Fiery Furnace) on chemical or other scientific principles. We are bound to add, however, that these are sentiments suited to the characters, and not the dogmata of the author.

We have italicised the hypothesis above which does not answer our preceding queries; but we must conclude our task, and cordially recommend the volume to the cultivators of intellect of every description.

MISS PLANCHE'S NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

"Only." By the Author of a Trap to Catch a Sunbeam, Old Jolliffe, &c. Wright.

THERE may be two meanings to the term Holiday: a day of diversion and racket, or a day of amusement and instruction. Schoolboys will stand up for the former, and spell it *Hollo-day*; but quieter little folks for the latter, and spell it *Holy-day*. Not to be too rigid either, but to mix the sweet and useful in an agreeable manner, and be merry and wise. For such "Only" will be a pleasant volume; and, though not a Trap to catch a Sunbeam, a very sunlight and pleasing nook for recreation.

The moral is more earnestly enforced than in the preceding interesting justly-favourite productions from the same pen; and is, in great measure, more applicable to grown-up people in the world than to the mere exemplary teaching of the young. For them the boy and girl Rawdon are the lessons; but for their elders, the previous lives of their father and mother, and other characters, possess the spirit and influence of the works of more extended and elaborated fiction. In all instances the danger of the fatal "Only" is exhibited, and the serious evils which emanate from the transgressions in trifles,

and the want of firmness to act decisively, and without deviation from the right line of conduct in small matters, are conscientiously deduced from the premises. The story is cleverly and dramatically constructed; and the actors in it, both high and low, naturally drawn. The portion in the humblest ranks is indeed so close to reality, that we wonder how the young and fair author could depict it so truly. It shows how talent can make much out of rare chances for limited observation. The sketches of the self-indulgent Martin and his scolding wife are, however, capital in their way. But we will copy a specimen of the talent to which we allude, from a circle in which the writer must be more at home:—

"We must visit a house not many streets distant, and entering its spacious rooms introduce ourselves to its inmates. A lady is seated in a low and luxuriously cushioned chair, in a loose dress of the clearest muslin, abundantly trimmed with rich lace, a square of fine point is tied over her head, pinned on with pins of turquoise and diamonds, her hair, which is very light, dressed in short full curls; round her neck is a broad piece of black velvet fastened by a bird with expanded wings, also of turquoise and diamonds; a cloak of black lace covers her brilliantly fair shoulders, and in her lap is the tiniest spaniel, with a broad rose-coloured ribbon round his throat, the colour of which gives the finishing touch to the very graceful picture the lady presents. She is chatting gaily to a fresh arrival, a tall handsome man, who appears not only to consider himself so, but to be quite aware that that is the received opinion; several persons are grouped about the rooms, as it is one of Mrs. Murray Fisher's 'evenings.' A gentleman is exerting himself vehemently at the piano, so much so, that even his long lock of hair is dancing on his forehead, and the ingenuity with which between the chords he dashes back the intrusive lock, is almost as wonderful as the sounds his long fingers seem to emit from the keys—the people are supposed to be listening.

"And how are you to-night?" asked the handsome man of the lady we have described. "Oh! wretchedly ill with the most horrible cold; I positively declare nothing but Mrs. Fisher would have brought me out." "Save the desire to wear that most artistic and becoming point." "How like you! no one else would have ventured such an impertinence," replied the lady, looking up in his face with the most gracious smile. "A truth then I am sure, or you would not call it an impertinence, but," he continued, bending down and speaking in a much lower tone, "it is equally true that it is most becoming; I never saw you look more enchanting." The lady made no reply to this, but stroking the dog, lavished on him a variety of most tender epithets, while her companion continued to gaze on her, but with a smile which it was well perhaps she saw not.

"There was a pause, and then the Hon. Herbert Lovell—for so was the gentleman called—said, 'Do you really mean to say that you like coming here, Mrs. Fraser?' 'Of course I do; to-night is rather a dull night, but usually the rooms are crammed to suffocation, it's delightful.' 'It must be,' replied Lovell, with another peculiar smile, which Mrs. Fraser unheeding, continued, 'Oh! I would not miss one of dear Mrs. Fisher's evenings for the world; she gets everybody, such deliciously clever people, who positively make one's head ache with their talent—they talk books to such an extent that one goes home feeling a perfect fool.' 'That must be also delightful,' replied her companion; 'and do you feel equally charmed with the music that gentleman has been indulging us with.' 'Well, to-night I have not been attending, but I have heard some excellent music here I assure you, the very best that is to be heard. Oh, you look so incredulous, you quite provoke me; I hate you in these severe sarcastic moods; go away to the further end of the room, and come back when you are good tempered.' In the same low tone in which he had before spoken, Lovell replied, 'That is too cruel a punishment for the venial offence of finding Mrs. Fisher's party dull, but perhaps it would serve me right for having selfishly usurped its only

attraction,' then slightly bowing, 'I will go but to return, as you have given me permission.' Again she bent her head down to the dog, and caressed him; when she looked up, Lovell had moved away to the end of the room, where her bright eyes followed and rested on him.

'One word with you, dear,' exclaimed a voice behind Mrs. Fraser; 'I have scarcely spoken to you, love,' and turning, she found the person addressing her was 'dear Mrs. Fisher' herself! 'I so feared you would not come, for some one told me you had such a fearful cold.' 'It is better to-night, and I could not resist coming.' 'Oh, that's so nice of you now! but there's no one here to-night: that horrid Lady Muddystone has a ball—she always manages to have one on my nights, because I don't ask her and her gawky daughters; and all my best men are gone there, but come, dear, next Friday, I have several good people coming, and amongst them, whom do you think?'

And so the tale proceeds through the various classes of society in town and country; and at the end our youthful readers will discover that whilst they have been much entertained, they have also been taught valuable truths, which, if attended to, will be of value to them as long as they live.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

It is stated, and, we believe, with probability, that Sir Edward Belcher is about to be charged with the command of a new expedition to be despatched towards the northern regions for the discovery and succour of Sir John Franklin and his companions, in the event of their having found their way to the westward, as conjectured by Sir James Ross. The subject, we know, has been discussed with the authorities, but of course no specific plan has as yet been determined upon. That one ship, at least, should go to the Pacific and explore Behring's Straits, is an obvious proceeding; but what else may be attempted must depend upon circumstances, especially as a new idea has been suggested, and seems to gain ground with persons well informed about the country—namely, the possibility of the English expedition having been made and detained prisoners by the Esquimaux!

Mr. Goodsir, the well-known naturalist, has published an interesting letter, giving an account of the endeavours of Captain Penny, in the *Advice*, to penetrate the ice in search of Franklin. The vessel succeeded in reaching Navy Board Inlet, Lancaster Sound; and a party were landed on one of the Wollaston islands. No trace of the missing ships was seen, and the writer confines himself to some curious notices of the animal life and habits observed in these high and frozen latitudes.

A summary of the proceedings of Sir John Richardson has also been communicated to the newspapers, and we are obliged to our contemporary, the *Sun*, for a copy thereof, from which we select the leading matter. Sir John's narrative sets out with the preparatory steps taken by Chief Trader Bell, of the Hudson's Bay Company, to establish himself with the twenty seamen and sappers and miners from England, and sixteen Canadian voyageurs, their boats, batteaux, stores, provisions, &c., on the northern coast of America; and his own journey, together with Mr. Rae, to join this advanced force. After encountering considerable difficulties, the account goes on:—

"On the 15th of July, having reached the last postage on Slave River, three boats were arranged for the sea voyage, with full loads of pemican and able crews, consisting in the aggregate of eighteen men. Mr. Rae and I embarked in them to proceed with all speed to the mouth of the Mackenzie, leaving Mr. Bell with the remainder of the party and two boats containing the stores for winter use, with directions to make the best of his way to Great Bear Lake, to establish a fishery at its west end, near the site of Fort Franklin, for the convenience of the sea party,

* We have just received a copy of the *Sixth* edition of the "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and so we find our opinion of it was quite right, and that it has been as *Taking* as we foretold.

in the event of its having to return up the Mackenzie; and lastly, having traversed the lake to its northern extremity, to erect dwelling-houses and storehouses near the influx of Dease river, and to carry on fisheries at such suitable places as he should discover in the neighbourhood. He was also instructed to dispatch James Hope (a Cree Indian, belonging to his party, who had been formerly employed in the expedition, under Messrs. Dease and Simpson, and knew the country well), together with a native hunter of the district, to the banks of the Coppermine, in the beginning of September, there to hunt till the 20th of the month, and look out diligently for the arrival of the boats.

"On my way to the sea, I landed three bags of pemican at Fort Good Hope, the lowest of the Company's posts on the Mackenzie, for the use of any party from Sir James Ross's ships, or from the *Plover*, which might reach that establishment; and I likewise deposited one case of the same article, with several memoranda and letters, at Point Separation, which forms the apex of the delta of the Mackenzie, marking the locality in the manner agreed upon.

"We reached the sea on the 4th of August, and had an interview with about 300 Esquimaux, who were collected to meet us, having been apprised of our coming by signal fires lighted by their hunting parties on the hills skirting the river. The distance from Point Encounter, where we met this party, to the mouth of the Coppermine river, including the larger inflexions of the coast line, is upwards of 800 miles; and as we had almost constantly head winds, we rowed along near the shore, landing at least twice a day to cook, occasionally to hunt, for the most part at night to sleep on shore, and often to look out from the high capes. Our communications with parties of Esquimaux, assembled on the headlands to hunt whales, or scattered in parties of two or three along the coast in pursuit of reindeer and waterfowl, were frequent. They came off to us with confidence, and through the medium of our excellent Esquimaux, Albert, who spoke good English, we were able to converse with them readily. They invariably told us that no ships had passed, and were rejoiced to learn by our inquiries that there was a prospect of their seeing more white men on their shores. Up to Cape Bathurst, or for about one-third of the distance between the Mackenzie and Coppermine, the Esquimaux informed us that for six weeks of summer, or as they expressed it, for the greater part of two moons, during which they were chiefly occupied in the pursuit of whales, they never saw any ice.

"We found an Esquimaux family encamped on the extremity of Cape Bathurst, but as near to that place as we could effect a landing without observation, we erected a signal-post and buried a case of pemican; and we made a similar deposit, marked by a pile of painted stones on the extremity of Cape Parry.

"After rounding the latter Cape, we observed, for the first time on the voyage, flows of drift ice, which became more numerous as we approached Dolphin and Union Strait; and in this part of the coast we saw no Esquimaux, though we found a few recent traces of their hunting parties.

"On the 22nd of August we had a strong gale of westerly wind, before which we ran under sail for some hours, but it speedily augmented to a violent storm, and we were compelled to provide for the safety of the boats by running among the ice, loosely packed on Point Cockburn. During the night, much ice drifted past, and in the morning we found ourselves hemmed in by dense packs, extending as far as the eye could reach. Up to this time the weather had been of the usual summer temperature of that region, but it now became very cold, and we had continual frosts, with frequent snow-storms, during the remainder of our stay on the coast. We succeeded, with much labour, in making our way to a bay between Capes Hearne and Kendall, by the end of the month. The ground was covered with snow, no open water was visible from the highest capes, and the winter appeared to have set in with rigour. I found myself, therefore, reluctantly compelled to abandon the boats, and to prosecute the journey to our

winter residence on Great Bear Lake, by land. The pemican and ammunition were carefully concealed for future use, the boats were hauled up on the beach, and the party directed to prepare for the march.

"We set out on the 3rd of September, and on the following day came to an encampment of Esquimaux. They cheerfully ferried us across the mouth of a wide river, which I named the Rae. We afterwards crossed the Richardson in Lieut. Halkett's boat, and following the line of the Coppermine, and of its tributary, the Kendall, we gained a branch of Dease's River; and on the thirtieth day reached our destined quarters at Fort Confidence. Our march through half-frozen swamps, or over hills covered with snow, was necessarily toilsome; but by keeping as much as possible in the river valleys, we had to pass only one night without firing, for the purposes of cookery.

"In the voyage between the Mackenzie and Coppermine, I carefully executed their Lordships' instructions with respect to the examination of the coast line, and became fully convinced that no ships had passed within view of the main land. It is, indeed, nearly impossible that they could have done so unobserved by some of the numerous parties of Esquimaux on the look-out for whales. We were, moreover, informed by the Esquimaux of Back's Inlet, that the ice had been pressing on their shore nearly the whole summer, and its closely-packed condition when we left it, on the 4th of September, made it highly improbable that it would open for ship navigation later in the season.

"I regretted extremely that the state of the ice prevented me from crossing to Wollaston land, and thus completing in one season the whole scheme of their Lordships' instructions. The opening between Wollaston and Victoria lands has always appeared to me to possess great interest, for through it the flood tide evidently sets into Coronation Gulf, diverging to the westward by the Dolphin and Union Strait, and to the eastward round Cape Alexander. By the fifth clause of Sir John Franklin's instructions, he is directed to steer south-westward from Cape Walker, which would lead him nearly in the direction of the strait in question. If Sir John found Barrow's Strait as open as when Sir Edward Parry passed it on four previous occasions, I am convinced that (complying as exactly as he could with his instructions, and without looking into Wellington Sound, or other openings either to the south or north of Barrow's Strait) he pushed directly west to Cape Walker, and from thence south-westwards. If so, the ships were probably shut up in some of the passages between Victoria, Banks, and Wollaston's lands. This opinion, which I advocated in my former communications, is rather strengthened by the laborious journeys of Sir James Ross having disclosed no traces of the missing ships.

"Being apprehensive that the boats I left on the coast would be broken up by the Esquimaux, and being, moreover, of opinion that the examination of the opening in question might be safely and efficiently performed in the only remaining boat I had fit for transport from Bear Lake to the Coppermine, I determined to entrust this important service to Mr. Rae, who volunteered, and whose ability and zeal in the cause I cannot too highly commend. He selected an excellent crew, all of them experienced voyageurs, and capable of finding their way back to Bear Lake without guides, should any unforeseen accident deprive them of their leader. In the month of March (1849) a sufficient supply of pemican and other necessary stores, with the equipments of the boat, were transported over the snow on dog sledges, to a navigable part of the Kendall river, and left there under the charge of two men. As soon as the Dease broke up in June, Mr. Rae would follow with the boat, the rest of the crew and a party of Indian hunters, and would descend the Coppermine river about the middle of July, at which time the sea generally begins to break up. He would then, as soon as possible, cross from Cape Krusenstern to Wollaston land, and endeavour to penetrate to the northward, erecting signal columns and making deposits on

conspicuous headlands, and especially on the north shore of Banks's land, should be fortunate enough to attain that coast. He was further instructed not to hazard the safety of his party by remaining too long on the north side of Dolphin and Union Strait, and to be guided in his movements by the season, the state of the ice, and such intelligence as he might obtain from the Esquimaux. He was, moreover, directed to report his proceedings to their Lordships immediately on his return, and should his despatches experience no delay on the route, they may be expected in England in April or May next. He was also requested to engage one or more families of Indian hunters to pass the summer of 1850 on the banks of the Coppermine River, to be ready to assist any party that may direct their course that way.

"With respect to the recommendation of additional measures in furtherance of the humane views of their Lordships, it is necessary to take into account the time for which the discovery ships were provisioned. Deer migrate over the ice in the spring from the main shore to Victoria and Wollaston lands, in large herds, and return in the autumn. These lands are also the breeding places of vast flocks of snow geese; so that with ordinary skill in hunting, a large supply of food might be procured on their shores in the months of June, July, and August. Seals are also numerous in those seas, and are easily shot, their curiosity rendering them a ready prey to a boat party. In these ways, and by fishing, the stock of provisions might be greatly augmented. And we have the recent example of Mr. Rae, who passed a severe winter on the very barren shores of Repulse Bay, with no other fuel than the withered tufts of a herbaceous andromeda, and maintained a numerous party on the spoils of the chase alone for a whole year. Such instances forbid us to lose hope. Should Sir John Franklin's provisions become so far reduced as to be inadequate to a winter's consumption, it is not likely that he would remain longer by his ships, but rather that in one body, or in several, the officers and crews, with boats cut down so as to be light enough to drag over the ice, or built expressly for that purpose, would endeavour to make their way eastward to Lancaster Sound, or southwards to the main land, according to the longitude in which the ships were arrested. I would here beg leave to suggest that the Hudson's Bay Company be authorized and requested to promise liberal rewards to Indians and Esquimaux who may relieve white men entering their lands. The Russian Fur Company have a post on the Yucou or Colville, which falls into the Arctic Sea about midway between the Mackenzie and Behring's Straits, and through their officers similar offers might be made to the western Esquimaux."

ARTESIAN WELLS IN LONDON.

Ox Monday evening Dr. Buckland delivered a lecture on this important subject at the Rooms of the Institute of British Architects, and was attended by a numerous and distinguished audience. It was, as had been proved by the events of the last six months, a question of life or death to thousands and tens of thousands in this great metropolis, whether they should have the means of obtaining an abundant supply of fresh water. It was, unfortunately, too notorious that the supply of water was at the present time awfully defective, and the last month had been fertile in schemes of various kinds for supplying that defect. It had been asserted that sufficient water might be obtained in this metropolis, by Artesian wells, to afford an ample supply to ten such cities as London; but he would venture to affirm, that though there were from 250 to 300 so-called Artesian wells in the metropolis, there was not one real Artesian well within three miles of St. Paul's. An Artesian well was a well that was always overflowing, either from its natural source or from an artificial tube; and when the overflowing ceased it was no longer an Artesian well. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many Artesian wells in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—namely, in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, in the gardens of the Bishop of London at Fulham, and in Brentford and its vicinity;

but the wells which were now made by boring through the London clay were merely common wells. He had heard it said that Artesian wells might be made in any part of London, because there was a supply of water which would rise of its own accord; but he could state, with regard to the water obtained to supply the fountains in Trafalgar-square, that it did not rise within forty feet of the surface. It was pumped up by means of a steam-engine, and the requisite supply of water could be obtained at a much less cost from the Chelsea waterworks. Indeed, the same water was pumped up over and over again. No less than 18,000*l.* had been spent upon an Artesian well which had been made on Southampton Common, but the water never had risen within eighty feet of the surface, and never would rise any higher. The supply of water formerly obtained from the so-called Artesian wells in London had been greatly diminished by the sinking of new wells. Many of the large brewers in the metropolis who obtained water from these wells had been greatly inconvenienced by the failure of the supply; and he had received a letter from a gentleman connected with a brewer's establishment stating that the water in their well was now 188 feet below the surface, while a short time ago it used to rise to within 95 feet. There were, as he had said, more than 250 Artesian wells, falsely so called, in London, one-half of which had broken down; and those from which water was obtained were only kept in action at an enormous expense. The average depth at which water could now be obtained from so-called Artesian wells in London was 60 feet below the Trinity-house water-mark; and he believed that in 20 or 25 years more, water could not be obtained at a less depth than 120 feet. The rev. Doctor proceeded to inquire by what means a sufficient supply of water could be obtained for the inhabitants of the metropolis? He considered that an ample supply might be obtained from the Thames in the neighbourhood of Henley, after that river had been fed by the Loddon, the Kennett, and other tributary streams. The water might be conveyed to London by an open aqueduct of sufficient depth, parallel with the Great Western Railway; and, as it would have a fall of three feet, it would flow without the aid of any engineering works, and might be brought to a reservoir in a valley north of Paddington. It would there be at a level of 105 feet above high-water mark, and at that level two-thirds of the inhabitants of London might, by means of an engine, be supplied with water at high pressure. The rev. gentleman concluded by saying that, upon careful consideration, this plan appeared to him the most feasible that had yet been suggested for affording to all the inhabitants of this metropolis an abundant supply of pure water.

Mr. Tite had not been aware, before he heard it from the rev. Dean, that an Artesian well was one that was constantly overflowing, but of this there could be no doubt—that what were called Artesian wells required frequent deepening, and were a source of constant expense. He sincerely hoped that the Government would take up this question. It ought to be looked upon as a national question; for a large city like this, containing so immense a population, ought not to be left dependent for the supply of so important and necessary an article as water upon private companies or individual speculators.

Mr. R. Stephenson expressed some doubts as to the practicability of the plan suggested. He thought that a measure which might tend to obstruct the navigation of so important a river as the Thames should not be decided upon without most careful consideration; but the obstruction of the waters of the tributary streams would not be open to the same objection. He quite agreed with the rev. Doctor that it could not be expected that anything like an adequate supply of water could be provided for the metropolis from Artesian wells.

Mr. Homersham thought that a sufficient quantity of water might be obtained from the chalk basin around Watford.

Mr. Dickens had had a good deal of experience with regard to Artesian wells in the valley of the Coln. He had bored wells in four different places to

a considerable depth, and in none of them did he find the water rise to the surface, although it rose somewhat above the level of adjacent springs.

A vote of thanks to Dr. Buckland was unanimously carried, and the rev. Doctor, having briefly acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE friends of botanical science will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. Robert Browne has (at length) consented to be put in nomination for the Presidency of the Linnean Society, in the room of the late Bishop of Norwich. The high and universal reputation of Mr. Browne has caused him to be frequently invited to assume this honourable station, but till now he has constantly declined it. Being placed at the head of botany in England will, however, redound no less to the advantage of the body which elects him, than to the benefit of the science at home and abroad.

INSANITY FROM CHLOROFORM.

At a recent meeting of the Westminster Medical Society, Dr. John Webster related the histories of three cases of insanity after the use of chloroform, during labour, which had come under his cognizance. In the first case, the patient continued three days after her delivery in an incoherent, rambling condition, and then became perfectly maniacal, and so furious as to require coercion. She was removed some time after to a lunatic asylum, where she remained twelve months, and she has now recovered her reason. The second patient never recovered from the effects of the chloroform administered, and soon became completely insane, in which state she continued many months. In the third instance, the cerebral disturbance never ceased entirely after the exhibition of the chloroform. She could not sleep at night for a long time; and often said she felt as if in the presence of a madman who was going to murder her. Three weeks subsequently, she seemed almost completely maniacal, exhibiting much mental excitement, laughing frequently, and expressed strong desire to sing, and other extraordinary feelings; conducted herself like a child, and lost her memory, in which state she continued five months. Instantaneous death and loss of reason are two of the consequences now ascertained to result, in some cases, from the immediate noxious influence of this potent agent. Stupefaction during labour is the sole benefit derived from the use of chloroform.

PRESERVED MILK.

THE process proposed by M. Delignae for the preservation of milk, and which has been pronounced perfect by the Paris Academy, is to mix with good milk a certain quantity of sugar, and then subject it to evaporation, at a temperature below 100° centigrade, by continued agitation. When reduced to two-tenths, the thickened liquid is to be put into a tin box, hermetically sealed, and treated by the "process of Apert."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, November 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor of Divinity.—Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, M.A., King's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. S. Coles, formerly of Emmanuel College; C. F. S. Money, Corpus Christi College; W. A. Stevenson, Queen's College.

Bachelors in the Civil Law.—Rev. W. H. Pinnock, Corpus Christi College; M. Prendergast, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—B. L. Egerton, Trinity College.

NINEVEN.

WE are happy to be again in a position to gratify our readers with some news, scanty though they be, from the seat of the Assyrian discoveries, taken from several letters, with a sight of which we have been favoured through the kindness of a literary friend, and among which there was one, the most recent of all, from Mr. Layard himself. From this interesting

correspondence, we learn that that enterprising traveller is arrived at the scene of his former haunts, and is about to set to work as well as the small sums at his disposal will admit. Mr. Layard arrived at Mossoul on the last day of September, and is now only suspending his operations until he shall have collected some of the experienced workmen from the mountain and desert, whom he trained during his first excavations, in order to enable him to begin vigorously, and with a better prospect of ultimate success. That success will attend the labours of our Assyrian traveller, none who have seen the results of operations begun *tam parvo initio* can for a moment doubt; the specimens his enterprise has already given us are sufficient earnest of his earnestness, and that earnestness a sufficient earnest of his success.

Mr. Layard expresses a hope that he will fall in with Colonel Williams, whose interesting voyage down the Euphrates our readers will remember was described some time ago in the *Literary Gazette*; and it would contribute much to the cause of science that such a union should take place, the more so as the Colonel carried on some excavations during Mr. Layard's absence for that gentleman.

Mr. Layard has this time been supplied with a draughtsman; but it is much to be regretted that the constitution of this gentleman, as far as our personal knowledge of him extends, and his want of acquaintance with travel, will prevent him from being of that service which might be expected to a man of such iron nerves and constitution as our Mesopotamian explorer, for many will be the hard knocks and rude buffets to which he will be exposed under the unpromising captaincy of such a leader. Our readers will naturally ask why Mr. Bonomi—whose perfect knowledge of the East and its languages—was not secured for this service at any cost, and whose Egyptian reputation would have assured, on the part of the public at large, confidence in whatever he might undertake, instead of a town-bred stripling, the natural weakness of whose constitution reflects blame on the humanity and judgment of those who selected him for so perilous a service.

The Arabs are collected all round, and even close under the walls of Mossoul, plundering in all directions, so as to render it next to impossible for any one to venture down as far as Nimrod at the present juncture. Major Rawlinson was expected daily at Mossoul, by whose advice Mr. Layard is, it appears, anxious to profit before undertaking his new excavations on the extensive scale he proposes.

The Palace at Kouyunjik seems to be of vast size, and an interminable sequence of chambers has come to light. Everything is, however, unfortunately burned, so that nothing remains to be done but to copy the bas-reliefs with all possible expedition before they fall to pieces. When this shall have been accomplished, writes Mr. Layard, they will furnish us with a most interesting series of plates, illustrative of Assyrian history. The subjects are for the most part battles, sieges, processions, and the like.

Mr. Layard is therefore now beginning his operations on a large scale, at a point where the state of the country and his present means and appliances permit him to proceed.

But now comes the most important part of the various communications of which we have been so fortunate as to obtain a sight, and which occurs in the letter of Mr. Layard himself. "During the last few days," he writes, "REPRESENTATIONS OF THE MOVING OF THE GREAT WINGED BULL have appeared, which are of considerable interest, and show that the Assyrians adopted the same method as the Egyptians to remove their gigantic pieces of sculpture." This is certainly the most interesting discovery made for many years. It has hitherto been a matter of speculation as to how the Egyptians raised the stones of the pyramid; and we may possibly, from information upon this subject, be enabled to explain the passage of Herodotus, which has given rise to so much speculation among classics and mathematicians. The passage alluded to is as follows, Herod. Euterp. 125:—

Ἐρωτήθη δὲ ὡς αὐτὴ ἡ πυραμὶς ἀναβαθμῶν τρόπον, τὰς μετέξτεροι κρῶσας, οἱ δὲ βομβίαις

δομαζόνσαι. τοιαύτην τοπρῶτον ἐπεὶ τὴν ἰσοῦσαν αὐτὴν ἤμουν τοὺς ἐκλοῖπους λίθους μηχανῶσι ἐξόντων βραχίων πεποιημένους χαμῶθεν μὲν ἐπὶ τὸν πρῶτον στοῖχον τοῦ ἀναβαθμῶν ἀίροντες ὥσως δὲ ἀνίωι ὁ λίθος ἐπὶ αὐτὸν, οἱ ἐπὶ τὴν μηχανὴν ἰστίζοντο, ἐστρώσαν ἐπὶ τοῦ πρῶτου στοῖχου ἀπὸ τούτου δὲ ἐπὶ τὸν δεύτερον ἔλκετο στοῖχον ἐπ' ἄλλης μηχανῆς. ὅσοι γὰρ δὴ στοῖχοι ἦσαν τῶν ἀναβαθμῶν, παύται καὶ αἱ μηχαναὶ ἦσαν· εἰ τε καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν μηχανὴν ἰούσαν μὴν τε καὶ εὐβάστακτον, μετεφάρον ἐπὶ στοῖχον ἕκαστον, ὥσως τὸν λίθον ἐξίλουν. λελέχθω γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρω, κατὰ τὴν λέγεται.

That is to say, the ascent of the pyramid was regularly graduated by what some call steps, but others altars. Having finished the first flight, they elevated the stones to the second by aid of machines (*μηχανή*, a mechanical contrivance). These were constructed of short pieces of wood, and by removing them step by step they arrived at the summit; and then Herodotus declares his inability to assure his readers whether there was a machine for each stone or a moveable one for all. Some suppose this to have been a simple pulley, others a lever; but in any case care must have been taken not to chip the lower stones. Mr. Layard's discovery of how the gigantic bulls were removed and elevated to the desired position may tend satisfactorily to clear up all the points of controversy.

The ingenious mode which he himself devised to remove these stupendous pieces of sculpture from the positions in which Assyrian mechanics had placed them, literally taking them by the horns, as Mr. Layard does all he undertakes previously to their embarkation, will be fresh on the minds of our readers.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 22nd.—Lord Mahon, the President, in the Chair.—The meeting, which was the first of the season, was unusually well attended, which we hope promises an active session. A large number of presents were laid on the table, among which was a most munificent gift of a cabinet of nearly four thousand Roman and other coins, the collection of the late Rev. Mr. Kerrieh, of Cambridge, presented by his son, who likewise added to Mr. Kerrieh's collection of pictures, already in the possession of the Society, a portrait on panel of Margaret of York, third wife of Charles of Burgundy. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. Wright, on some notices of the Roman remains of Verulamium, near St. Albans, found in early chronicles. The writer of this paper pointed out the richness of the ecclesiastical legends in allusions to local antiquities, and stated that it might be shown that many of the cathedrals and early churches of this country were erected on the site of pagan burial-places, and that the barrows of Roman or Saxon had been ransacked to furnish bones as saints' relics. This was the case with the abbey church of St. Albans, which was built on the site of a Roman cemetery. Mr. Wright then recited from the chronicle of Roger of Wendover, the legendary history of the discovery of the bones of St. Amphibalus and his companions, in the twelfth century. The monks of St. Albans stated that a labouring man of that town was honoured in the night with a vision of their patron saint, St. Alban, who ordered him to dress, and then led him along the Roman road under the walls of the ancient city, to the plain in which the village of Redburn is situated, between three and four miles to the north-west of St. Albans, where the saint showed him two sepulchral mounds, one of which, he said, contained the bones of Amphibalus and his companions. Next day, the labourer told the story abroad, and the abbot and his monks took possession of the mound, and, opening it, carried the bones they found within as holy relics to the abbey. Mr. Wright pointed out some circumstances mentioned in the description which proved that it was an early Saxon interment, and suggested that the neighbourhood of Redburn ought to be explored, in the hope of still finding some remains of it. He then proceeded to show that, from this and other notices,

it was probable that, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, much of the walls of the buildings of the Roman city were still standing, among which especially was the theatre, the foundations of which had been partly explored about a year ago. A purgatory legend—which Mr. Wright gave reasons for supposing composed by some monk of St. Albans—was recited, in which the demons were represented as tormenting the souls in a large theatre, the description of which agreed with that of a Roman theatre. As there were no theatres in the middle ages, and he knew no source from which an Englishman could be supposed to draw his notions of such a building, Mr. Wright imagines that the monk of St. Albans had in his mind the theatre of Verulamium, which has been recently discovered, and it would prove that the walls were then standing not less than five feet above ground. This legend was composed early in the thirteenth century. Altogether, the allusions pointed out in this paper are remarkably curious. The writer took the occasion to lament that the excavations at St. Albans had been discontinued, for they would have brought to light probably the only Roman theatre in Great Britain, and therefore one of the most interesting and important of our early national monuments. We agree with him in thinking that the government ought to come forward on such occasions—a mere trifle from the public money would have been sufficient for a full and satisfactory investigation. Mr. Wright, at the conclusion of his paper, alluded to another class of documents from which a good deal of curious information may be gleaned, relating to local monuments of antiquity—the descriptions of boundaries of lands in the Anglo-Saxon charters. In one of these, of the middle of the tenth century, relating to lands in Berkshire, he finds mention of the now celebrated monument known by the name of Wayland Smith, which in the Anglo-Saxon charter is termed *Welandes Smiddan*, which means simply Weland's smithy, from which the modern name is a mere corruption.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 13th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Mr. Sharpe read a paper on the so-called return of the Phoenix and the Egyptian Sothic period. He held that the return of the Phoenix was only a form of words, meaning the arrival of some noted period of time. When Pliny and Aurelius Victor mention the return of the Phoenix in Claudius's reign, it was at the Roman secular games in the year of Rome 800. When Manlius counts the bird's age, it is from the era of the Seleucidae. When the coins of Constantine mark the bird's return, it is in the year of Rome, 1100. The Egyptian return of the Phoenix was in the beginning of Antoninus's reign, and is shown on his coins, when their great period of four times 365 years came to an end. This period had begun in the time of Menophra, as we learn from Theon the mathematician, which fixes the date, according to Mr. Sharpe, of Thothmosis III., whose prenomen is Menophra. Tacitus mentions the three intermediate returns between Menophra and Antoninus, in the reign of Sesostris, (or Shishank,) of Amasis, and of Ptolemy III. These were each 365 years after the other. Mr. Sharpe then gave his explanation of the astronomical sculpture in the Memnonium, which he argued did not fix the reign of Rameses II., as Dr. Lepsius and Sir G. Wilkinson consider. Mr. Nash was of opinion that all these so-called zodiacs were more of an astrological than an astronomical nature, and remarked that their occurrence on sarcophagi and tombs connected them with the various funeral representations of the ancient Egyptians. He detailed the views put forth by Dr. Lepsius in explanation of this subject, in his *Chronologie der Ägypter*, who maintains that the figures in the boats following that of Sothis, represent not fixed stars, as Mr. Sharpe believed, but the planets Mars, Jupiter, and Venus; and argued that the testimony of the ancients to the duration of the life of the Phoenix did not bear out the opinion that the Phoenix period corresponded with that of the Sothic period of 1461 years.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE
ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, (Mr. Surveyor-Gen. Roe's late Expedition into the interior of Western Australia, communicated by Earl Grey,) 8½ p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, (Mr. Green's third Anatomical Lecture,) 8 p.m.—*London Institution*, 7 p.m.—*Tuesday*.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, (Mr. Paton, account of Southend Pier, and notices of the ravages of the Teredo Navalis in timber structures,) 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.—*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—*Thursday*.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—London Institution, 7 p.m.—Botanical, (Anniversary,) 8 p.m.—*Friday*.—Royal, (Anniversary,) 4 p.m.—*Saturday*.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

CHESTER ARCHITECTURAL, ARCHÆOLOGICAL, AND
HISTORIC SOCIETY.

A council meeting was held last week, Sir Edward Walker (Mayor) presiding; and another on Monday last, the Rev. Chancellor Raikes presiding. Thanks were voted to the British Archæological Association, and other donors of archæological publications, and antiquarian relics. A singular ancient statuette of stone, originally about eighteen inches high, but broken from the knees downward, having wings, the body encircled with a wreath, which is grasped by one hand, and evidently marked with paint, was exhibited by the Rev. Wm. Massie, with a quantity of Roman pottery and Samian ware, found in the same spot, about ten feet deep, in Duke-street. Authority was given to the Secretary to prepare a list of such valuable architectural and other books as may be useful to professional men, and not easily procurable by individuals, with special regard first to designs for gravestones and tombs. The Society promises to be practically useful, and well supported, as persons desirous of enrolment are forwarding their names at every meeting. It was resolved that the octavo volume about to be published by the British Archæological Association of their proceedings at the Chester Congress in August last, should be presented to every full and associate member of the Chester Society.

The Roman Villa at Chelmsford.—We regret to learn, from a correspondent, that our hopes in the good feeling of the owner of the ground adjoining that in which the excavations are now being carried on, permitting the researches to be fully carried out, are not likely to be realized. We are informed that he demands a sum of money so immeasurably beyond the means of the explorers to pay him, for leave to make excavations, that it is considered impossible to come to terms with him.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE private view of the Gallery of Studies this year was open on Wednesday, and we were much gratified with the sight of what had been done by rising artists, and even mere probationers. Lord Yarborough most handsomely left specimens of almost every style of art, from among his splendid town collection exhibited in the spring; and from these the numerous studies exhibited on the walls were made. The noble Shipwreck and solemn Landscape by Turner found a number of copyists; and one of the latter by Mr. Watts may be mentioned for its great merits, without disparagement to surrounding competition. Cnyp's Winter Scene has also been very successfully studied; and a copy by Mr. Earl might very easily be sold by "a dealer" for an original of the master. Greuze's strange picture of a girl with an innocent countenance, surmounting the exposure of a not very innocent-looking person, has been extended into a startling row along the whole side of the middle room. Of Titian's Diana Bathing there are several clever imitations; and the Salvator Rosa landscape (the companion of that in the National Gallery) has worthily inspired more than a dozen of students. Several beautiful bits by old masters, little known to English collections, and only admired under

erroneous names of other celebrated artists, complete the exhibition, of which we need only repeat that it does not fall short of the promise of preceding times.

LITHOGRAPHY.

A Collection of One Hundred Characteristic and Interesting Autograph Letters. Written by Royal and Distinguished Persons of Great Britain from the Fifteenth to the Eighteenth Century. Netherclift and Sons.

INDEPENDENTLY of the intrinsic interest of this publication, derived from many sources, it deserves a much higher tribute of our praise, as an example of what lithography can do, and ought to do to a hundredfold greater extent than it has hitherto done. The matter is so obvious, and the produce so ready, rational, and excellent, that we are astonished at the neglect of this cheap art for the preservation of public records, private monuments, and valuable historical data. The perfect form of the fac-similes, and their indubitable accuracy, are recommendations of the utmost importance. They are, in short, very little inferior to the originals, and only in degree, not in the value of utility. To us it is quite a delight to look over this quarto, and read, as it were, in the very handwriting of the memorable individuals whose epistles it has copied to an erasure and a dot, their ideas, conjecturing as we go on, from the shape of the manuscript and the alterations in the diction, what sort of persons the writers were, and the frame of their minds at the time of writing. The same words printed give no notion of such things as are suggested in this way. In a letter addressed to Messrs. Netherclift by Mr. Crofton Croker, he puts this in a strong light, saying:—

"I almost venture to assert that if, by your process, the money spent upon the State Paper Office, had been employed during the same space of time in printing a selection of five-hundred fac simile copies of each of the most important State Papers, for distribution to our Literary Institutions and Public Libraries, instead of transcribing, collating, examining, and printing them in the ordinary manner, with the chance of printers' errors, nearly all the important documents that the State Paper Office contains would have been placed beyond the risk of destruction by fire or other casualty, within the same period that so little has been done for the public benefit."

We may add, by the by, that whilst other public institutions allowed the publishers free access to their treasures, the keepers of the State-paper Office, Messrs. Netherclift complain, did not think it consistent with their trust to allow copies to be taken of any of the documents in that national repository.

Applying the above remarks to the first letter in the collection, we almost perceive the intent of Richard III. in the bold characters in which he orders the chancellor to send him the Great Seal:—

"We wolde most gladly ye came yo'self yf thatt ye may and yf ye may not we pray you not to fayle but to acomplyshe in all dyllygence our sayde comawndement to send our seale incontentent upon the syght heroff—As we trust you w^t suche as ye trust and the offycers petynyng to attend w^h hyt. praying you to assertyne us of yo^r newes there—here loved be god ys all well and trewly determyned and to resyste the malysse of hym that hadde best cause to be trewe the Duc of Bokynghame the most untrew creature lyving whom w^t gods grece we shall not be long tyll that we wyl be in that partyes and subdewe hys malys—we assure you there was never falsse traytor better purveyde for as this berrer of Gloucestre shall shewe you."

One of the kindest of letters from Henry VIII. to Wolsey is clearly penned by his "loving master." Anne Boleyn writes to the same powerful minister to bestow the benefice of *Soudrig* on one Mr. Barlo, the Cardinal having, in a mistake, conferred the living of *Tonbrige* upon him. A desperately loving letter from Queen Catherine Parr to her awful husband is in an exceedingly neat hand; and Prince Edward (afterwards Edward VI.) to her, is capital for boyhood. Queen Mary's is beautiful; and Elizabeth, when Princess, as legible as print, but afterwards, as Queen,

a strange scrawl. But the whole must be seen to impress the curiosity and variety of the whole. Darnley's is a remarkable specimen of orthoepy; Sir Philip Sidney's easy and flowing; the Earl of Essex's very pretty, with an extraordinary signature; Lady Arabella Stuart, signed "Arabella Seymaure," large and roundly distinct; the Duke of Buckingham, signed "Steenie," much blotted; and Blackstone, the author of the Commentaries, one of the neatest in the book.

But if there be any truth in the opinion that the characters of men may often be learned from the character of their writing, the speculation afforded by this work may serve to pass some amusing hours, besides the gratification that is attached to the perusal of its very interesting contents.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday.

M. ROCHER D'HERICOURT, who has lately returned from a voyage in Abyssinia, has brought with him about a score MSS. in the Ethiopian language, all of vast antiquity and great literary value. They are folio in form, bound in red leather, with the Greek cross and strange ornaments on the covers. In some of them the writing runs right across the page; in others it is in columns; in nearly all it is firm and bold in character. Some of the MSS. are on history, religion, and science; one is a complete and very curious treatise on the mysteries of Eastern astrology; and one, which appears to have been written at the beginning of the 11th century, contains a copy of the Bible, which differs in some respects from the ordinary version. To obtain these treasures, M. d'Héricourt passed a long time in Abyssinia, had to employ daring, cunning, persuasion, and force, to go through many extraordinary adventures, and endure many hardships and persecutions. He has, besides, obtained a mass of curious information on the religion, (which it seems is half Jewish, half Christian,) the manners, and the government, of the singular people who inhabit Abyssinia; has ascertained all that could be learned on their country, of which so little is known; and has collected all the facts calculated to throw light on geology, mineralogy, botany, and other branches of science. But what is more practically important than all, is, that he has brought with him numerous specimens of a plant, the root of which, reduced to powder, is a cure for hydrophobia, both in men and animals. Of its virtues M. d'Héricourt had practical proof: four dogs and a man having been bitten by a mad dog, were, by application of the remedy, cured of the hydrophobia which ensued; whilst a fourth dog (bitten at the same time by the same animal) to which the remedy was not applied perished in all the agony of that horrible disease. The virtue of the plant, and the manner of preparing it for use, were explained to the traveller by a potentate of the country, who assured him that it was there generally used, and never failed. The specimens brought over by M. d'Héricourt have been submitted to the Académie des Sciences, and a committee of that learned body has been appointed to test their efficacy. If, as is confidently hoped, they have not lost their virtue in this European climate, the world will soon be put in possession of the means of curing one of the most frightful diseases to which flesh is heir, and M. Rocher d'Héricourt will have the glory of having conferred an inestimable blessing on mankind.

A print-selling and picture-dealing house of this city has just established what it calls an "International Art Union" between France and the United States, which appears likely to create an important *débouché* for the works of living French artists in America, and in return affording American artists the advantages of European instruction, and of study from the immortal works of the great masters. The machinery of the union is this: a number of persons resident in America subscribe, and the greater part of their subscriptions is disbursed in the purchase of pictures in

France, which are sent to New York, and distributed by lot. The other part is allotted to deserving young artists of the States of limited means, to enable them to come over to Europe. It is hoped, however, by some sanguine Americans, that people in France may be induced to subscribe for the purchase of the works of American artists, to be distributed by lot in France, as those of France are in the States; whereby the Art Union would become more "international" than it now is. But—be it said without any ill feeling to cousin Jonathan—from the specimens of the American pencil now exhibiting here, it will in all probability be many years before the French will be induced to prefer American artists to their own countrymen. *En attendant*, the International Union is quite a god-send to French artists, as it causes scores of pictures to be bought, which in these dreary revolutionary times, with money so scarce, and likely to become still scarcer, would certainly remain unsold, and without hope of sale. A large batch of new works has just been sent off for the Union, many of them having figured at the last exhibition, and bearing the names of our most renowned artists—among others, Scheffer, Delacroix, Fleury, Popety, Isabey, Flers, and Muller. It is not without a pang that one hears of the productions of such eminent men being lost to Europe; but it is one of the many sad consequences of political revolution.

Some time ago the Minister of the Interior appointed a Commission to devise measures for encouraging the arts. This Commission, on Friday last, came to the resolution that for the future there shall be a permanent exhibition of the works of living artists, instead of the annual exhibitions, for a few weeks at a time, which have heretofore been held; and that in addition there shall be every two or three years a grand exhibition of all the most meritorious works. Admission of pictures to the permanent exhibition is to be regulated by a jury, but is to be so arranged as to afford every reasonable facility to artists; for the great exhibition, on the contrary, excessive strictness is to be displayed, so as pitilessly to exclude not only all works positively bad, but even all that are not in some way superior to those exhibited. Moreover, it is proposed to be surrounded with great pomp, and the distribution of prizes to the most distinguished artists is to be made a great national ceremony. The permanent exhibition is to be held in the Palais National, and to commence on 15th April. These propositions of the Commission have been most favourably received by artists; indeed, they could not well be received otherwise, for what knight of the brush would not be delighted at the idea of having his canvas constantly before the public? But picture-dealers growl, from the fear that the permanent exhibition will put an end to their occupation of intermediaries between artists and the public, which enables them to fleece both.

Talking of picture exhibitions, it may be mentioned, that for two or three seasons past the saloon (*Foyer*) of the Odéon Theatre has been transformed into an exhibition of the pictures of living artists; and the government has just authorized some of the principal lots—consisting of pictures, engravings, and works in marble and bronze, of one of the lotteries now being got up for the benefit of artists—to be exhibited in the *foyer* of the Académie Ex-Royale. This is turning theatrical saloons to good account: it is both useful to artists and agreeable to the public. Could it not be adopted in England?

A good deal of public attention has been fixed this week on the Théâtre Français. First of all, the management has brought an action against Mlle. Rachel to compel her to execute her engagements, and to pay damages for the alleged breach thereof; this case has been only partially heard by the Civil Tribunal; next, the Minister of the Interior has superseded the management (a committee elected by the actors) and appointed M. Houssaye, a sixth-rate *littérateur*, to officiate as director; thirdly, the said management has solemnly protested against this as an intolerable violation of the privileges of the performers, and has appealed to the Law Courts for redress. Add to all this, that rumours are current to

the effect that a serious intention is entertained by the government of putting down the republican *régime* under which the theatre has heretofore flourished, and of establishing in its stead an aristocracy—and you will see that the great legitimate theatre is, taking all things together, in an excessively awkward position.

The name of the indefatigable Alexander Dumas must be again mentioned this week, as he has had represented, at the Théâtre Historique, a new five-act drama, called *Count Hermann*. It is of greater literary pretension than the huge lumbering spectacle-plays drawn from his novels, which he has produced during the last two or three years; and is much more chaste and moral than most of his dramatic pieces. The interest centres on the struggle in a married woman's breast between fidelity to her husband and passion for her lover; and the former is eventually made to triumph. Mountebank though he be, this man Dumas has genius: and as well as one could judge amidst the excitement and enthusiasm of a first representation, he has lavished much of it on his new play.

Lamartine is about to bring out a new political work on the past, present, and future of the Republic. There is no truth in the report of his being about to proceed to the East. The new volume of M. Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire* is advertised to appear on the 3rd of next month.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Rouen.—The Academy of Sciences of Rouen will award in August, 1850, a prize of 800 francs to the author of the best manuscript and unpublished paper on the following question:—What galvanic arrangement, in respect of power, economy, regularity, and simplicity, is most applicable, as a motive power, to any branch of industry? The papers are to be sent in to the secretary of the Academy before the 1st of June next.

Mr. Lumley, the talented and successful manager of the Italian Opera, London, has been at Brussels for some days past; we are informed that an arrangement is on the tapis, by which the public of Brussels will have an opportunity of hearing the first lyric company in Europe,—the *troupe* of which Jenny Lind was a member, and which still possesses Madame Sontag among its most efficient performers.—*Brussels Herald*.

Hotel Mozart.—A letter from Vienna states, that the mansion which Count Loewertz has had constructed at Vienna, on the spot occupied by the house which Mozart inhabited, and in which that celebrated composer breathed his last, is now entirely finished, and will be called the *Hotel Mozart*. In the centre of the principal court of this building, which is already adorned with the busts of the most celebrated musicians in Germany, will be erected a colossal marble statue of the immortal author of *Don Giovanni*, which will be executed after a portrait of Mozart by the famous Eichlein, at present in the possession of M. André, at Frankfort S.M., the owner of the MSS. left by Mozart. This portrait was recently discovered at Mayence, and according to the opinion of persons well informed, is a striking likeness.—*Brussels Herald*.

M. Arban, the French Aeronaut, whose non-return after his ascent from Barcelona we noticed in a recent *Gazette*, has been found, as we feared, a corpse, floating on the coast near Rosas.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE NEWSVENDERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

A NUMEROUS and most respectable body rallied round Mr. Dickens at the Albion Tavern on Wednesday, where an excellent repast was served up to them at six o'clock. After the usual loyal toasts were drunk, the Chairman addressed the company in a speech of mingled humour and eloquence, the results of which were apparent in a very liberal subscription (above 225*l.*), in the lists of which the principal newsvenders of the metropolis figured conspicuously. A number of gentlemen connected with the Press were present,

and others distinguished in the Arts, among whom were Mr. Colburn, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Leech, Mr. Hablot Browne, Mr. Doyle, jun., Mr. Woodburn, Mr. Robert Bell, &c. The health of the Chairman was proposed by Mr. R. Taylor, and received with acclamation. Pleasant music and song varied the evening's enjoyments, and Mr. J. Gilbert stated the business part of it, and the reception of the fresh supplies, in a very satisfactory manner. Under the able presidency of Mr. Dickens, the proceedings never lagged, and good humour and social spirit reigned throughout the evening. We trust we may add that the impulse thus given on the first public appearance of the Benevolent Institution will be felt in outer circles, and spread wide among the numerous individuals, paper makers, publishers, printers, and others having close intercourse with, and being interested in the condition of, the Press and its immediate agents, and that Mr. Dickens' aspiration that the 1000*l.* now funded would soon be two, and not long hence five thousand, will be quickly realized.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

WE are informed that the Prince continues to labour very sedulously on the initiatory measures for carrying out this his admirable design in a manner commensurate with its magnitude and importance. A Commission is about to issue for its superintendence by high and distinguished personages, above the taint of suspicion of favouritism, and calculated to afford assurance of just decisions and the prevention of jobbing, into which such an undertaking is so likely to run. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Clarendon, and some fifteen other eminent persons, will be named trustees in this document. Mr. Scott Russell will be the Secretary. The arbitration and awards of the prizes will proceed under this authority. We hear, however, with some surprise, that the contractor for the building to receive the articles has already been appointed, and has lodged 20,000*l.* at the bankers as guarantee for his proper execution of the work. To say the least, this seems to be a rather rapid and rather private arrangement.

EXPOSITION OF FRENCH MANUFACTURES.

WE have visited this attractive bazaar, which enters strongly into competition with several productive trades in London; the consideration of which, and the collection itself, requires more notice than we are this week able to afford them. In our next we propose to discuss the subject, together with the Birmingham Exhibition, and the general prospects now floating before us. We believe we may truly state that the present French movement into our capital has not been the result of any late proceedings, but was contemplated by the parties interested in the experiment twelve months ago.

MUSIC.

M. Jullien's Concerts, Drury Lane.—Last Tuesday, M. Jullien devoted the earlier part of the programme of his most popular concerts exclusively to the works of Beethoven, and never was there a greater treat to the overwhelming audience thronging every part of the vast theatre. The selections from the great master were, almost without exception, made with consummate judgment, and the band seemed to have become imbued with the melodious inspirations of the wonderful works they were performing. In a little bit of Solo played by M. Sainton on the violin, there were delicacy, taste, judgment, and feeling, so admirably combined, that the house rose as one to demand a repetition. The playing and execution, too, were so truly beautiful, that we hope the *morceau* will be introduced again and again on future occasions. It must purify musical taste, for it abounds in all that is excellent in musical composition. We were so charmed with it, that we remember nothing else, though we believe that everything was well received and good on the occasion of M. Jullien's *hommage à Beethoven*.

The London Wednesday Concert.—The fourth of the present season took place before an audience

whose numbers were extraordinary for the time of the year, the place being literally crammed in every part. This was caused, doubtless, by the first appearance of Herr Ernst, the violinist, for he was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations. He performed variations on the romance and march from Rossini's *Otello*, and also his celebrated *Carnival de Venise*; and in both instances excited universal admiration by his exquisite taste and feeling, as well as by his extraordinary mechanical proficiency, which seemed, as it were, to endue the instrument with life. The other striking features of the evening were Shield's old English song, "The Wolf," by Herr Formes, who sang it twice in splendid style; and the first appearance of two promising debutantes, the Misses Cole.

The fifth of the series on Wednesday last consisted, in the first part, of a good selection from *Il Don Giovanni* of Mozart; and in the second, of a new overture by Mr. W. L. Phillips. The usual miscellaneous attractions were superadded, with Ernst again on the violin, and a solo on the cornet by Mr. T. Harper, who "trumpeted" "My Lodging is on the cold Ground" beautifully. The vocalists were almost the same as in the preceding concert, and Herr Formes again gave "The Wolf" magnificently. The Hall was crowded in every part.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—Mr. Macready played *Othello* on Monday evening; but as he plays *Iago* on Monday next, alternating the parts with Mr. Wallack, we shall defer our notice till next week, when we shall have an opportunity of contrasting the two performances. The house continues to be crowded in every part on each night of the great tragedian's appearance, and the enthusiasm elicited by his acting remains unabated.

Princess's.—A farce, in two acts, of French origin, was produced on Saturday evening. It is of that slight character which is adapted to the atmosphere of a Parisian rather than of a London theatre, and has hardly sufficient matter in it to make it a lasting favourite. A sergeant in the life-guards is by accident substituted for a sergeant in the Coldstream, and before the mistake is discovered, marries a young milliner, in whose possession are some letters affecting the reputation of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, and which the secretaries to two ministers of state hope to obtain by marrying the girl to a tool of their own—the aforesaid sergeant of the Coldstream. The married couple, on the substitution being discovered, fly, and are pursued by the two secretaries, who are both arrested by means of a stratagem, as soon as they confront the objects of their pursuit. The end is as is usual in such cases. The principal character was played by Mr. Wigan with considerable ease and spirit, but there was little in the part to call forth any display of his peculiar talents.

Sadler's Wells.—Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback* was performed here on Thursday evening, the part of *Julia* by Miss Glyn. The rapid advances made by this young lady in her art, and the decidedly favourable impression lately produced by her personation of the difficult character of *Cleopatra*, gave a degree of interest to her appearance in a part rendered so celebrated by the talents of the last daughter of the house of Kemble, of the traditions of whose school of acting Miss Glyn may now be said to be on our stage the sole remaining depository. Miss Glyn's conception of the part resembles that of her celebrated predecessor, and she is scarcely deficient to Mrs. Butler in power and artistic development. By treating the part as a comic one in the earlier parts of the play, great force is given to the more serious scenes towards the close, and the impression produced upon the audience by the tragic portions of the character is greatly increased. Although subdued, Miss Glyn was by no means tame in the comic scenes, and gave great effect to the sportive coquetry and womanly traits with which they abound. There was perhaps a little too much play of the features in them; but from the

moment of signing the marriage contract, towards the close of the third act, when a look reveals that *Julia* is awakening to a sense of her real situation, and a knowledge of her true feelings, her acting was very fine; she seemed as one hurrying with rapid strides towards the brink of a precipice. In the scene with *Clifford* as the Secretary, the struggle and gradual mastery of her passion were beautifully marked, and the final appeal to *Master Walter* was a perfect climax; the "Do it—nor leave the task to me," brought an earnest and enthusiastic burst of applause. The *Master Walter* of Mr. Bennet was a judicious and impressive piece of acting, as was the *Modus* of Mr. Dickinson. Miss Fitzpatrick was the *Helen*, and played the love scenes with her bashful cousin with great piquancy and archness. The whole play was exceedingly well performed. A five-act tragedy by Mr. F. G. Tomlins, the Secretary of the Shakspeare Society, has been accepted and is in rehearsal at this theatre. It is entitled *Garcia*; and the period is about the first institution of the Inquisition in Spain. Though the drama itself is more domestic than historical, we are led to expect a fine play from the hundred-tongued rumour which is preceding the production some fortnight hence.

Strand.—That admirable actress and old favourite, Mrs. Glover, has been added to the already strong and efficient company at this theatre. This engagement, which was especially noticed by Mr. W. Farren, in an address to the audience on Mrs. Glover's first night here on Monday week, has enabled the management to produce the comedies of *The Clandestine Marriage*, and *The Rivals*; the parts of *Lord Ogley* and *Miss Heidelberg*, in the former, and those of *Sir Anthony* and *Mrs. Malaprop*, in the latter, being played, respectively, by Mr. W. Farren and Mrs. Glover, in a manner which can certainly not be equalled on our stage. The other parts in the comedies were well sustained by the company, which numbers in its ranks Mrs. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Compton, and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray, the Messrs. Farren, jun., and others of some reputation, as efficient representatives of minor parts, so essential to the development of a complete whole.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Charles Forbes.—On Tuesday, the 20th, departed the spirit of this truly noble and generous man, leaving none superior, and few, if any, equal, in the wide circle of London's princely merchants. Sir Charles was in his seventy-seventh year; no year, from adolescence, unmarked by sincere philanthropy, just patriotism, and munificence, which hardly knew bounds when and wherever misfortune sought his succour. We speak from personal knowledge when we exalt the character of this great and good man far above the level even of a class distinguished and generally most esteemed in the metropolis for their extensive liberality. His right hand knew not of the lavish benefits conferred by his left: kindness, humanity, and charity, were the constituents of his nature. *Homo sum* might well have been his motto, as it was ever his motive, in relieving distress and promoting struggling merit. To enjoy his friendship was an honour which the greatest might envy; and the lowest had cause to rejoice in the diffusion of his bounties. Speeches on many occasions, and addresses connected with the improvement of our Indian empire, were all, we believe, that Sir Charles ever had committed to the press; but as he was the friend of everything which he thought conducive to the welfare of mankind, so was he the friend of those who employed the press in this laudable direction.

"Goodness and He fill up one monument,"

on which no inscription can overrate his Virtues, which, with his wealth, we believe we may truly assert are inherited and exercised by his descendants.

Mr. Charles E. Horn, one of the most pleasant of our English ballad-singers, it is stated in the American papers, died at Boston, on the 25th October, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He will be remembered along with a class of sweet vocalists, of which

we have now few examples left amid our pretensions to elaborate music and scientific compositions, but which delighted the public some thirty years ago, and to a later period. Well, the execution of difficult passages is no doubt very striking; but for touching the feelings of English hearers, the bird-like notes and simple melodies of our earlier days were more effective; and it was not the least charm of Jenny Lind that she was mistress of either style, and though she could achieve wonderful diatonic scales, would as often treat us with the warbling of natural song.

Dr. French, the late head of Jesus College, whose death took place about a fortnight ago, was a man of high mathematical acquirements and a learned Oriental philologist. He took a prominent share in the translation of the Psalms and Proverbs; and was very moderate, though firm, in his theological opinions.

Charles Lyell, Esq.—The literary world has lately sustained a great loss in the person of Charles Lyell, Esq., of Kinnordy, Forfarshire. Those who enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance will be foremost in bearing witness to his eminent social virtues and extensive scientific and literary acquirements. On his studies in St. Andrew's College, and at Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself—on his successful botanical researches, particularly as regards the vegetable productions of his native land, we shall not here enlarge; our object is rather to record his diligent and profound investigations of Italian literature, which had afforded him occupation and interest during a considerable period of his prolonged life. His version of *Dante's Canzoniere*, and various contemporary poems, was the fruit of this study; and all the readers of the original work unite in acknowledging that the Translator has so admirably succeeded in blending scrupulous exactness with unusual elegance, that he has naturalized in English literature the poems of the great Italian bard. We may indeed consider the Rev. Mr. Cary and Mr. Lyell as equally entitled to our gratitude for their translations of Dante's two great works—the *Divina Commedia* and the *Canzoniere*. Mr. Lyell prepared himself for his task by a close study of his author, from whose writings he could repeat long passages by rote, and by an intimate acquaintance with the life of Dante, and with the labours of the commentators. He has left a valuable collection of works by Dante and his contemporaries, with whose spirit his own was deeply imbued, and whose every word, we may almost say, was impressed upon his memory. That his genius has been transmitted in his family, is apparent in the career of his eminent son and successor, Sir Charles Lyell, whose geological researches and literary productions have so often demanded the acknowledgments of the *Literary Gazette*.

VARIETIES.

Dr. A. Todd Thomson.—In our biography of Dr. Thomson (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1701,) we noticed the strange neglect of the University of London, to which he was so long an ornament, in not securing his rich Pharmaceutical and Botanical Museum. The collection ought to have been, and would most advantageously have been, established within the walls where he had so successfully taught and practiced. It has, however, we are informed, been purchased entire, for the new Queen's College, Cork; and placed in the able hands of Dr. Fleming, the Professor of Materia Medica there.

Dr. Dick.—A document has lately reached us, which reveals the distressed condition of a worthy man, who has devoted the greater part of his life to the advancement of education and to the diffusion of sound information upon subjects calculated to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of society. Dr. Dick, author of "The Christian Philosopher," "The Sideral Heavens," &c. &c., is, it appears, now in his seventy-second year, barely able to support existence in a state of obscure poverty, and with heavy claims upon resources scarcely adequate for his own wants. A more mournful case, and one more deserving of kindly help from the

authorities, or from the humane and charitably disposed, has seldom come to our knowledge.

Professor Wilson, the distinguished Oriental scholar and Director of the Royal Asiatic Society, has been elected a Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Inscription and Belles Lettres, in the room of Sir Graves C. Haughton, deceased.

Testimonial to Mr. Thomas Cubitt.—Mr. G. R. Ward has been selected by the committee to engrave, for distribution to the subscribers, Mr. Pickersgill's excellent and life-like portrait of Mr. Thomas Cubitt. It is to be executed in the mixed style, and finished in June next.—*Builder*.

The late Mr. George Ward.—We understand that, in consequence of the arrangements necessary upon the will of this gentleman, his fine museum and very valuable collection of art and virtu in the Isle of Wight, will be brought to the hammer. The rarity of many of the articles will render this one of the most interesting sales of the time.

Mr. Cureton, so well known by his learned writings on ancient Scripture, has been appointed Canon of Westminster Abbey, as the successor of Mr. Milman, promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's.

Fine Arts in Oxford.—Last week a meeting, as announced some time before, took place in Taylor's Buildings, Oxford, with the Vice-Chancellor presiding; when a lecture on the study of ancient art was delivered by Mr. C. Newton, of the British Museum. A discussion ensued on some relics among the Pompeian marbles, supposed to be of the Phidian period, and now in the Randolph Gallery. A suggestion for the formation of a Society for the study of the Fine Arts, similar to that for the cultivation of medieval antiquities, was thrown out and well received, but no formal proposition was brought forward on the subject. We trust, however, that it will not be lost sight of, for it would be a "Grace" to the University.

The Hampstead Conversazione Society has just sent out a very gratifying Report of its proceedings during an existence of four years. So wealthy an adjunct to the metropolis does well to set an example of interest in the promotion of a love for the Fine Arts and intellectual improvement. We are particularly pleased with the opening of the rooms on the days after the subscription meetings, with their exhibitions still on the walls, for the visits of the inhabitants; and are also glad to learn that not a single injury of the slightest kind has ever been done to the valuable specimens liberally contributed for these occasions.

Zoological Gardens.—We recently paid a hurried visit to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and were much gratified. The gray squirrels and their hillocks of hay, out of which they jumped through a hole apparently not big enough for their noses to pass, were alone recompense sufficient. But there was much to interest; indeed quite as much in the winter security, as in the summer freedom of the animals. If any in the extensive collection be specially cared for, the giraffes and ostriches appear to be the pride and pets of the Society. For the latter a new and most convenient winter house has been erected, fitted with Pierce's pyro-pneumatic stove, which, owing to its heat being given off from the Welsh tile, and not from any metallic surface, and to its ventilating power, is admirably adapted for the purpose. The principal attraction, however, to the several visitors, men, women, and children, seemed to be the reptile-house and its excitement!—live pigeons and rabbits' death struggles in snake-folds, &c.

The Queen's Scottish Residences.—Mr. W. Henry Fisk (son of Mr. William Fisk, the historical painter) has, we learn, had the honour of submitting to the Queen, at Windsor, a series of finished studies and drawings from nature, some of which he had made by permission, at her Majesty's Scottish residences, during her recent sojourn in the North. The Queen has signified her approval of these works by purchasing four of them—viz., "Craighie Kirk and Manse," from the private grounds of Balmoral; "Birk Hall," and "Abergeldie," (which also are private

habitations of Royalty), and "Loch Muick," at the foot of Loch-na-gar, close to which is the retired and beautiful little dwelling, sometimes visited by the Queen and Prince Albert, called "The Hut."

"March" of Science.—The *New York Literary World*, in its report of the first meeting of the American Ethnological Society for the season, states that Dr. Browne "has prepared an essay upon the races of men as recognised in the hair and wool of their heads, which he proposes to read before the Society whenever it may be agreeable." Let the inscription on Prichard's mausoleum be postponed, and Dr. Latham look to his philological laurels! "From John L. Lewis, Jun., Esq., a letter was read giving an account of the discovery of a copper axe, deeply imbedded in the stump of a pine tree four feet below the surface. This axe was evidently of Indian manufacture. It was four inches long, an eighth of an inch thick in the middle, and thinner at the edge. Mr. Lewis further states, that in the vicinity of Branchport, where the axe was found, are traces of Indian fortifications, about which stone hatchets, beads, and other relics of the aborigines, are frequently dug up."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We learn that Mr. Colburn has nearly ready for publication, a Life of Tasso, by Mr. Milman, the new Dean of St. Paul's. We are glad to see announced, from the same quarter, a new and revised edition of Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence, uniform with Peppys' Diary; and also a new edition of J. Disraeli's *Charles I.*, with a Preface by his eminent son, B. Disraeli, uniform with the *Curiosities of Literature*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (J.) *Lives of Charles II., Julius Cæsar, and Elizabeth*, 12mo, cloth, each, 5s.
 Abbott's (J.) *Life of Marie Antoinette*, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Abraham's (Rev. G. J.) *Festivals and Lenten Lectures*, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
 Ainsworth's *Works*, cheap edition, vol. 1, 12mo, boards, 1s.
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1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Nov. 24 . . .	11 46 57.3	Nov. 28 . . .	11 48 14.2
25 . . .	47 15.4	29 . . .	48 35.2
26 . . .	47 34.3	30 . . .	48 56.9
27 . . .	47 53.9		

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5000	13 yrs. 10 mts.	683 6 8	787 10 0	6170 16 8
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